

# THE CRITIC:

A Weekly Journal of Literature, Art, Science, and the Drama.

VOL. XVII.—No. 427.

SEPTEMBER 11, 1858.

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**QUEENWOOD COLLEGE,** near STOCKBRIDGE, HANTS, Dunbridge Station, Salisbury Branch, S.W.R. Union Edmondson—Principal. Natural Philosophy and Mathematics—Frederick R. Smith, LL.D. Chemistry—Dr. Henry Debus, late Assistant in the Laboratory of Professor Bunsen, and Assistant Lecturer in the University of Marburg. Classics and History—Daniel Hughes, M.A., Jesus College, Oxford. Modern Languages and Foreign Literature—Mr. John Haas, from M. de Fellenberg's Institution, Hofwyl, Switzerland. German—Mr. Nicholas Wegmüller, from M. de Fellenberg's Institution, Hofwyl, Switzerland. Practical Surgery, Lecturing, &c.—Mr. Richard P. Wright. Drawing—Mr. Daniel B. Brightwell. English—Mr. William Trevor. Music—Mr. William Cornwall.

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**QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY in IRELAND.** QUEEN'S COLLEGE, GALWAY. Session 1858-9. On FRIDAY, the 2nd of OCTOBER next, an EXAMINATION will be held for the Matriculation of Students in the Faculties of ARTS, LAW, and MEDICINE, and in the Departments of CIVIL ENGINEERING and AGRICULTURE. Additional Matriculation Examinations will be held before the close of the First Term; but the last Matriculation Examination in the Faculty of Medicine will take place on the 24th of November. The Examinations for Scholarships will commence on Tuesday, the 19th of October. The Council have the power of conferring at these Examinations Ten Senior Scholarships, of the value of 40s. each, viz.:—Seven in the Faculty of Arts, Two in the Faculty of Medicine, and One in the Faculty of Law; and Forty-five Junior Scholarships, viz.:—Fifteen in Literature and Fifteen in Science, of the value of 24s. each; Six in Medicine, Three in Law, and Two in Civil Engineering, of the value of 20s. each; and Four in Agriculture, of the value of 12s. each. The Council is also empowered to award at the same Examinations several Prizes, varying in value from 10s. to 25s. The Queen's College, Galway, is a College of the Queen's University in Ireland, and the Certificates of the Council are received for the purposes of graduation in Arts, Law, and Medicine, by the Senate of the University of London. Prospectuses, containing full information as to the subjects of examination and courses of instruction, may be obtained on application to the Registrar. By order of the President, WILLIAM LUPTON, M.A., Registrar. Galway, 10th July, 1858.

## GUYS' HOSPITAL.—The MEDICAL SESSION COMMENCES in OCTOBER.

The Introductory Address will be given by THOMAS TURNER, Esq., Treasurer, on Friday, the 1st of October, at Two o'clock. Gentlemen desirous of becoming Students must give satisfactory testimony as to their education and conduct. They are required to pay 40s. for the first year, 40s. for the second year, and 10s. for every succeeding year of attendance; or 100s. in one payment entitles a student to a perpetual ticket. Dressers, Clinical Clerks, Ward Clerks, Obstetric Residents, and Dressers in the Eye Wards, are selected according to merit from those Students who have attended a second year. A Resident House Surgeon is appointed every six months from those Students who have obtained the College Diploma. Mr. Stocker, Apothecary to Guy's Hospital, will enter Students, and give any further information required. August 1858.

## ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL and MEDICAL COLLEGE.—The WINTER SESSION will COMMENCE on OCTOBER 4th, with an INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS by Mr. COOTE, at Seven o'clock p.m.

**LECTURES.**  
Medicine—Dr. Burrows and Dr. Baly.  
Surgery—Mr. Lawrence.  
Descriptive Anatomy—Mr. Skov.  
Physiology and Morbid Anatomy—Mr. Paget.  
Chemistry—Dr. Frankland.  
Superintendence of Dissections—Mr. Holden & Mr. Savory.  
**SUMMER SESSION, 1859, commencing May 1.**  
Materia Medica—Dr. F. Farré.  
Botany—Dr. Kirkes.  
Forensic Medicine—Dr. Black.  
Midwifery, &c.—Dr. West.  
Comparative Anatomy—Mr. McWhinnie.  
Practical Chemistry—Dr. Frankland.  
Demonstrations of Operative Surgery—Mr. Holden and Mr. Savory.

**Hospital Practice.**—The Hospital contains 620 beds, and relief is afforded to more than 35,000 patients annually. The in-patients are visited daily by the physicians and surgeons, and Clinical Lectures are delivered—on the Medical Cases, by Dr. Burrows and Dr. Farré; on the Surgical Cases, by Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Stanley, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Skov; on Diseases of Women, by Dr. West. The out-patients are attended daily by the Assistant-Physicians and Assistant-Surgeons.

**Collegiate Establishment.**—Students can reside within the Hospital walls, subject to the rules of the collegiate system, established under the direction of the Treasurer and a Committee of Governors of the Hospital. Some of the teachers and other gentlemen connected with the Hospital also receive students to reside with them.

**Scholarships, Prizes, &c.**—At the end of the Winter Session, examination will be held for two Scholarships, of the value of 45s. for a year. The examination of the classes for prizes and certificates of merit will take place at the same time.

Further information may be obtained from Mr. Paget, Mr. Holden, or any of the medical or surgical officers or lecturers, or at the Anatomical Museum or Library.

## WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL SCHOOL of MEDICINE, Broad Sanctuary, Westminster Abbey.

**SESSION 1858-1859.**  
The Westminster Hospital was instituted A.D. 1719, and incorporated by Act of Parliament A.D. 1826. It contains 175 beds, and affords relief to about 20,000 out-patients annually. The SESSION will COMMENCE on FRIDAY, the 1st of OCTOBER 1858, with an Introductory Address, by Dr. FREDERIC BIRD, at 8 p.m.  
**HOSPITAL PRACTICE.**  
Physicians—Dr. Bigham, Dr. Fincham, Dr. Radcliffe.  
Assistant-Physicians—Dr. Marcet, Dr. Reynolds.  
Surgeons—Mr. Barnard Holt, Mr. Brooke, Mr. Holthouse.  
Assistant-Surgeons—Mr. Hillman, Mr. Power.  
Surgeon-Dentist—Mr. Clendon.

**LECTURES.**  
**WINTER TERM.**—Commencing Oct. 1st, terminating March 31st.  
Descriptive and Surgical Anatomy—Mr. Holthouse.  
Practical Anatomy—Mr. Christopher Heath.  
Dental Surgery—Mr. Clendon.  
Chemistry—Dr. Marcet, F.R.S.  
Surgery—Mr. Barnard Holt, and Mr. Brooke, M.A., F.R.S.  
Materia Medica and Therapeutics—Dr. Radcliffe.  
Forensic Medicine—Dr. Fincham and Dr. Marcet, F.R.S.  
Practical Chemistry—Dr. Marcet, F.R.S.  
Midwifery—Dr. Frederick Bird.  
**Clinical Lectures.**—In addition to the instruction given by all the medical officers during their visits, courses of Lectures on Clinical Medicine and Surgery, in accordance with the new regulations of the Examining Boards, will be delivered during the Winter and Summer Terms, by the Physicians and Surgeons. Clinical Assistants, Physicians' Clerks, and Surgeons' Dressers, are selected from the most qualified Students, without additional Fee. Any period of Hospital Practice or any course of Lectures may be separately attended.

The Entire Course of Study (including Hospital Practice and Lectures) required by the College of Surgeons and the Society of Apothecaries may be attended on payment of Seventy Guineas.

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## MUSICAL LECTURES.—For terms and particulars address "M. C.," (No. 423), 29, Essex-street, Strand, W.C.

**MR. CHARLES KEAN'S FAREWELL SEASON as MANAGER of the ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE** will commence on SATURDAY, the 2nd of OCTOBER NEXT, and conclude on SATURDAY, the 30th of JULY.

## CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY

**HALF-HOLIDAY.**—In order to give those persons an opportunity of visiting the Palace whose occupations prevent them from doing so on other days, ADMISSION on SATURDAY, TILL FURTHER NOTICE, will be ONE SHILLING. Doors open at ten.

## EARLY CLOSING ASSOCIATION.—

**CRYSTAL PALACE FETES.**—The Committee beg to announce that, in consequence of the badness of the weather at their last Fêtes, they have arranged for TWO SUPPLEMENTARY FETES for SATURDAY, the 18th, and WEDNESDAY, the 22nd inst.

Among the extra attractions of an in-door character provided for the first of these Fêtes may be mentioned a CONCERT, in which that distinguished Vocalist, Clara Novello, will take part.

The out-door amusements will include Archery and Wrestling Matches (open to all classes) for Prizes. Doors open at 10. Admission One Shilling each day.—See small bills.

N.B.—Persons wishing to take part in the Wrestling (C. and W. style) or Archery are requested to forward their names to the Offices of the Early Closing Association, at 35, Ludgate-hill.

## BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the

**ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.**—The NEXT MEETING will be held at LEEDS, commencing on Wednesday, September 22, 1858, under the Presidency of RICHARD OWEN, M.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.

The Reception Room will be in the Town Hall. Notices of Communications intended to be read to the Association, accompanied by a statement whether or not the Author will be present at the Meeting, may be addressed to JOHN PHILLIPS, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., Assistant-General Secretary, Magdalen-bridge, Oxford; or to the Rev. THOMAS HICKES, THOMAS WILSON, Esq., and W. SYKES WARD, Esq., Local Secretaries, Leeds.

JOHN TAYLOR, F.R.S., General Treasurer, 6, Queen-street-place, Upper Thames-street, London.

Rothley Grange, Leicestershire.—Important Sale.

## J. WINDRAM begs to announce that he is

favoured with instructions from Mr. W. Hall to submit for SALE by AUCTION, on TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, and five following days (Saturday and Sunday excepted), the entire COLLECTION of well-known first-class OIL PAINTINGS, Engravings, extensive and valuable Library of Standard Works, comprising about 1000 volumes, upwards of 170 ozs. of plate, small cellar of choice wines, farming stock, implements in husbandry, grass and other keeping, crop of excellent mangold wurzel, together with the whole of the modern dining, drawing, library, and bedroom furniture, kitchen requisites, horses, carriages, &c.

The paintings and books may be viewed on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the 8th, 9th, and 10th of September, between the hours of 10 and 4 o'clock, by catalogues only, which will admit three persons, and may be had, price 6d., of the Auctioneer, Bishop-street; Mr. T. C. BROWN, Market-place; or on the Premises, Rothley, seven days prior to sale. Sale to commence each morning at half-past 10 o'clock.—N.B. Rothley Grange is two miles from Sibley, and three from Syston Station, on the Midland Railway.

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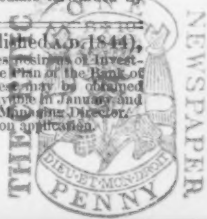
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"We have selected some samples of the wines imported from South Africa, by Mr. H. R. Williams. These have been carefully examined, and the result is in a high degree satisfactory. Contrasted with the compounds which are often sold for Port and Sherry, these wines possess a value for wholesomeness far surpassing any that we have seen. The price at which they are sold places excellent wine within the reach of all."—*Vide Medical Circular*, August 18, 1858.

Printed wine lists, and the opinions, among others, of the *Morning Chronicle*, *Naval and Military Gazette*, *John Bull* and *Britannia*, *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, *Birmingham Journal*, &c. forwarded on application.

H. R. WILLIAMS, Importer, 112, Bishopsgate-street-Wy., in, London.



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CRITIC Office, 29, Essex-street, Strand, London, W.C.

## THE CRITIC.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1858.

A PRINTED return has just been issued by order of the House of Commons of "the registered newspapers in the United Kingdom, and of the number, if any, of stamps of one penny issued to each, for each quarter respectively, from July 1855 to the end of 1857; also, of stamps at three-halfpence issued to any such newspaper during such period." For the information of our readers we have arranged in a tabular form the leading metropolitan journals, with the total number of stamps used by them in the year 1857, and the average number per copy of the journal issued, in another column:

DAILY PAPERS.		
	Total number of stamps issued in the year 1857.	Average number of stamps used for each issue.
Daily News .....	229,466	733
Express .....	567,001	1,811
Globe .....	240,000	766
Morning Advertiser .....	90,000	287
Morning Chronicle .....	83,000	265
Morning Herald .....	309,500	988
Morning Post .....	430,000	1,373
Standard .....	127,000	405
Sun .....	212,000	677
Times .....	3,638,791	11,025
WEEKLY PAPERS, &c.		
Illustrated London News .....	1,711,456	32,912
Reverend .....	468,000	9,000
Bell's Life in London .....	364,000	7,000
Field .....	240,500	4,623
Guardian .....	178,000	3,423
Observer .....	128,000	2,461
Examiner .....	125,525	2,414
Albion .....	108,000	2,076
Law Times .....	107,850	2,074
Nonconformist .....	92,000	1,769
CRITIC* .....	41,000	1,708
Illustrated Times .....	67,460	1,682
Economist .....	75,000	1,442
Press .....	63,000	1,250
Era .....	64,756	1,245
Lancet .....	60,250	1,158
Sunday Times .....	60,000	1,153
Saturday Review .....	59,500	1,144
Spectator .....	59,000	1,134
John Bull .....	56,175	1,080
Builder .....	49,500	952
Leader .....	30,550	587
Naval and Military Gazette .....	23,600	454
Atlas .....	13,000	250
Notes and Queries .....	128,000	210
Court Journal .....	12,665	213
Musical World .....	12,000	230

It must be obvious to any one who gives the most cursory glance over this table, that these returns afford no reliable criterion of the real circulation of the journals named in them. Since the alteration of the law, the stamped circulation of a journal ranges between a fourth and a fiftieth part of its entire circulation. Among the daily papers, for example, it would appear that the circulation of the *Morning Advertiser* is inferior to that of every other, with the exception of the *Morning Chronicle*; the fact being that it is next to the *Times*, but requires fewer stamps owing to the great preponderance of its metropolitan circulation. The penny papers do not figure in the table at all; for the obvious

\* During 1857 only twenty-four issues of the CRITIC took place, according to the old plan of issue, twice a month.

reasons that they require very few stamps, and that a statement of the number could be no criterion of the wide circulation and fast-increasing influence. With the weekly papers other considerations arise. Not only is a very large proportion of their circulation unstamped, but they frequently avail themselves of the option afforded them by the Act of stamping their copies with a postage label. Thus, it appears from the returns that the number of stamps used by the CRITIC during the last quarter of 1857 fell off about 4000 in comparison with the former quarter; but the fact is, that for two issues none but postage stamps were used, which accounts for the difference.

One of the most remarkable facts to be deduced from these returns is the enormous and increasing falling-off in the consumption of stamps on the part of the *Times* and many other of the dear papers. Does this betoken a corresponding falling-off in circulation? If so, it fully accounts for the soreness which the *Times* has exhibited with regard to the cheap press. To prove how considerable this falling-off has been, we subjoin a short statement showing the number of stamps used by certain journals in the year between the 30th of June 1855 and the 30th of June 1856, as against those used during the year 1857:

	From June 1855 to June 1856.	1857.
Globe .....	300,000	240,000
Express .....	733,441	567,001
Illustrated London News .....	2,632,395	1,711,456
Morning Herald .....	418,000	309,500
Morning Post .....	487,600	430,000
Morning Chronicle .....	154,000	83,000
TIMES .....	4,652,549	3,638,791

So that the falling off in the consumption of the *Times* is not less than 1,013,758 stamps. As we have already observed, however, these returns afford no reliable proofs of the actual circulation of any paper; and we should hesitate, therefore, to conclude that the circulation of the *Times* has diminished in this ratio.

HAVING lately received several complaints respecting Mr. HALLIWELL's edition of SHAKSPEARE (one of which we printed in our last number), we have deemed it necessary to investigate the facts of the case, with a view to ascertaining the precise nature of Mr. HALLIWELL's position as regards his subscribers. It appears that in his first circular Mr. HALLIWELL pledged himself to limit the number of copies to one hundred and fifty, each copy to have the printer's certificate that that limit had been preserved. The work was to be completed in about twenty folio volumes; but any volumes in excess of that number were to be presented to the original subscribers. All plates and woodcuts used for the work were to be destroyed, and no separate impressions of any of them would be taken. The original subscription price of each folio volume (a thick folio, copiously illustrated) was to be two guineas, and the whole was to be completed (D.V.) in six years; "so that (added Mr. HALLIWELL) for a comparatively small annual expenditure (about six guineas) during that period, the subscriber will possess the most complete monograph edition of the works of the greatest poet of all ages." The self-imposed conditions cannot fail to strike with amazement any one who is at all conversant with publishing matters. Mr. HALLIWELL proposed to produce a hundred and fifty copies of a thick folio, "copiously illustrated," and printed upon the very best paper, for three hundred guineas. Such a thing was not possible. If he had increased the limit to three hundred subscribers, and so got six hundred guineas, it might have been done. We are not surprised, therefore, to find Mr. HALLIWELL very soon in trouble with his subscribers. In October 1852 he addresses them a circular announcing the advent of the first volume; and he then goes on to say: "There is reason to fear the original estimates will be exceeded; but I am unwilling to call for a higher subscription from any who have expressed a wish to possess the work prior to a public advertisement inserted in this day's paper. As, however, the work cannot be a source of profit, it is impossible to accept the risk and expense of collecting small subscriptions, or the possibility of some relinquishing the work at any stage of its progress. For these reasons, the subscription is required in advance. At the same time, it would of course be unfair to your-

self to make so strict a condition, and in any way consider your application for a copy obligatory. Should, therefore, you disapprove of it, I should feel greatly obliged by your signing and forwarding me the inclosed withdrawal of your name, at your earliest convenience."

Now if Mr. HALLIWELL's original prospectus was unbusiness-like, how much more so is this extraordinary proposal. He had made a contract with these gentlemen, his subscribers, which he was bound to carry out, even if it were a source of loss: whereupon he coolly alters the terms of the contract, and desires them, if they do not consent to these new terms, to withdraw "at their earliest convenience." As to the payment of the whole six thousand guineas in advance, how could that cure the error in the estimate, unless they were to be spent as far as they would go, and then the subscribers were to be called upon for the deficiency? But Mr. HALLIWELL talks of risk. What was his risk? He had taken good care to select none but good and solvent subscribers, and not only they, but their estates, would be liable for satisfaction of the contract. They could not relinquish the work at any stage of its progress, without being answerable to Mr. HALLIWELL. They, on the contrary, by paying the money in advance, would run every risk. Mr. HALLIWELL might be disabled from fulfilling the agreement with them in a thousand ways, and they had not even the security which those have who enter into a contract with a firm of publishers.

We are not surprised, therefore, that many of the original subscribers refused to comply with the request to pay the money in advance. Some of them offered Mr. HALLIWELL the liberty of enlarging the original contract to the extent of increasing the number of subscribers, and even the price of the work; but this he declined to do, and shortly afterwards issued another prospectus, declaring his intention of adhering to the original conditions—but forgetting at the same time that two of these conditions were, first, that the work should be completed (D.V.) in six years, and, secondly, that the subscriptions should be paid as the volumes were issued. Thus, then, the matter stood: some of the subscribers refused to pay in advance, yet did not compel Mr. HALLIWELL to fulfil his contract with them: some paid, and in the place of the seceders others were obtained; but the entire number of subscribers does not now, we believe, exceed one hundred and thirty.

How far the objectors were justified in the course they took, is but too obvious from what has ensued. Nearly six years have elapsed from the date of the last-mentioned circular, and only seven volumes out of twenty have appeared. At the rate at which the work has proceeded, the last volume may possibly be issued (D.V.) about the year 1871. We believe that Mr. HALLIWELL has been harassed by family matters and other distractions, which have prevented him from carrying out his original plan; but that only shows how perfectly those were justified who refused to pay this very large subscription in advance.

We must not for a moment be understood as laying to the charge of Mr. HALLIWELL anything which is at all inconsistent with the most perfect intention of good faith. We sincerely believe that he entertained no doubt of being able to carry out his schemes faithfully and completely. All that we say is, that the whole affair presents the most singular instance of want of business management in the whole history of publishing; and the moral to be drawn from it seems this,—that it behoves each one to keep to his trade, authors to their authorship, and publishers to their publishing.

In reply to our question—"What has become of the *Dial*?"—we have received the following communication:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

Sir,—My attention has been called to a reference in the CRITIC of Saturday last to the projected *Dial* newspaper, proposed to be published by the company I have the honour to represent. In the paragraph in question it seems to be suggested that the scheme has been abandoned. This, I am happy to inform you, is not the case. On the contrary, we are making rapid progress, and have already enrolled between 5000 and 6000 proprietors, who have taken stock to the amount of 115,000l. It is an error also to speak of our contemplated paper as a "penny" one. For although it is quite possible we may publish a penny paper, yet this would be quite subsidiary to our primary and main design, which is the production of a journal in

no respect inferior to any daily newspaper in existence. I take the liberty of forwarding to you the last number of our periodical report of progress, the *Dial Register*, and humbly request that you will have the goodness to correct any erroneous impressions which may have been conveyed by the paragraph referred to.

B. H. COOPER, Deputation Secretary.

The *Dial Register*, which accompanies this letter, gives a full account of the prospects of the company, and fully corroborates Mr. Cooper's statements. It appears that committees of shareholders have been organised in various districts, who are busily engaged in beating up recruits. The Welch division of shareholders appear to be especially zealous in the cause—the Swansea committee being enabled to send up a list of forty-six shareholders, all from that locality. A list of new shareholders obtained during the present month is given, and includes 260 names, Aberystwyth, Chester, Swansea, and Machynlleth supplying large numbers. Under the head of "Dial Agitation" we are informed that at Llandudno, N.W., the Rev. DAVID THOMAS delivered a lecture upon "The Fourth Estate," in which, after proving that newspapers were not sufficiently instrumental in the cause of Christianity, he proceeded to explain the principles and plans of the *Dial* scheme. At Dolgelly, there was a crowded meeting, at which the Rev. DAVID THOMAS again appeared in the cause, and both he and the Rev. Mr. EDWARDS, of Mold, editor of the *Welsh Quarterly*, strongly advocated the cause of the *Dial*. A very large meeting was also held at the Graig Chapel, Machynlleth, for the purpose of receiving a deputation from "The National Newspaper League Company (Limited)," at which the Rev. CHARLES SHORT, M.A., of Swansea, addressed the meeting on the necessity for having such a great national journal as the *Dial*. In the Town Hall of Aberystwyth, on the 5th of August, not only the Reverend Messrs. THOMAS and SHORT, but also the Rev. THOMAS JONES and the Rev. WM. SPENCER, urged it upon their auditors to become shareholders of the *Dial*. At Swansea a similar meeting took place, and the Rev. Mr. SHORT again appeared to tell the people how superior the *Dial* would be to the *Times* and other "immoral" journals.

Now this may be all very well; but, whilst we wish the *Dial* all the success that it may merit, we cannot help thinking that it had better strive to make a place for itself without beginning by charging all existing papers with dishonesty. The shareholders in Wales, and the clergymen who promise them a journal of such astonishing purity, may possibly be perfectly sincere in what they are about; but if they start with holding it to be their proper vocation to reform "a corrupt press," they will find themselves woefully mistaken. The press, as it at present stands, is sufficiently able to reform itself; for, to put it upon no higher than mere commercial grounds, venality in an organ of public opinion generally turns out to be a very bad speculation, and sooner or later brings down ruin, with all the added misery of disgrace. Let the promoters of the *Dial* set earnestly to work to supply a good business-like paper, and the public will thank them for their efforts; albeit it augurs very little for their experience and knowledge of these things when we find in their current number a quantity of silly and grossly inaccurate gossip about the London press, which made its first appearance in *Town Talk* more than four months ago.

A FORTNIGHT ago we printed a letter which had been addressed by several of the most eminent scientific men in the country to the REGISTRAR-GENERAL, respecting the determination of the LORDS COMMISSIONERS of the TREASURY to supply no more gratuitous copies of that official's reports. In that letter the memorialists showed that they had a special claim to those copies, inasmuch as the meteorological observations which they cheerfully contributed to the REGISTRAR-GENERAL were a source of great expense to many of them. In reply to this representation the REGISTRAR-GENERAL has returned the following answer:—

(No. I.)  
General Register Office, Somerset House,  
Aug. 28, 1858.

Sir,—I regret that I am under the necessity of informing the gentlemen whose meteorological observations I publish in my quarterly returns, that the Lords of the Treasury decline to sanction their being supplied gratuitously with my reports. Their Lordships will not make an exception with regard to this office, but are determined to make strenuous efforts to reduce the annually increasing expense

occasioned by the lavish gratuitous distribution of Government publications; and the same rule which is complained of in your letter to me of 25th inst. will be rigidly enforced in future, not only in my department, but in all the offices which issue printed periodical reports, the General Post Office, the Inland Revenue Office, the Custom House, the Committee of Privy Council on Education, the department of Board of Trade connected with Fine Arts, the Civil Service Commission, the Factory Inspectors, the Mining Inspectors, the Prison Inspectors, &c. &c. One shilling and fourpence being the entire annual expense to be incurred in purchasing my four quarterly returns in which the meteorological observations are published, the Lords of the Treasury hope that the expenditure of that small sum in each year will not deter the observers from continuing their useful labours, when they are made acquainted that their being deprived of the receipt of these publications gratis is only part of an extensive system by which their Lordships hope to effect a very considerable saving in the public expenditure.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your faithful servant,

GEORGE GRAHAM, Registrar-General.

Dr. Barker, M.D., Bedford.

But the writers of the original letter are by no means satisfied with this reply, and the following letter to the REGISTRAR-GENERAL, accompanied by a memorial to the LORDS COMMISSIONERS of the TREASURY, is now in course of being signed:—

(No. II.) Sept. 7, 1858.

Sir,—We, the undersigned, have the honour to receive your note of the 28th ultimo, containing intimation that you are unable to perform the simple request made by us in reference to the supply of your returns and reports. Under these circumstances, we have thought it proper to memorialise the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury on the subject in question, and to lay respectfully before their Lordships, as we have had the honour to lay before yourself, the reasons which lead us to think that we are, as heretofore, deserving of the published papers of your office. We cannot for one moment conceive that the supply of your reports to those who have been at so much labour and expense to contribute to them, can correctly be classed under the lavish distribution referred to in your letter. It is true that fourpence per quarter is but a small outlay for your quarterly returns, but we feel assured that, after the time and expense which we have gratuitously sacrificed towards the completion of those reports, we ought not to be called upon to purchase them at any price, however small. At the same time it is equally true that the outlay by Government of fourpence per quarter upon each contributor would be anything but a lavish expenditure of public money. Our labours as meteorologists have been supplied to you ungrudgingly. We have endeavoured to contribute them for the purpose of supplying a scientific want; we cannot but humbly believe that labours so accumulative and coincident must be of ultimate value to science, and it would be painful to us all to suspend our exertions. Should, however, our appeal to the Lords Commissioners be refused, we feel that we cannot, in justice to ourselves, make laborious and expensive contributions to any State paper which is afterwards withheld from us, unless subscribed for.—We have the honour to be, Sir, your faithful servants,

(No. III.)

MEMORIAL TO THE LORDS COMMISSIONERS OF HER MAJESTY'S TREASURY.

We, the undersigned, respectfully approach your Lordships on the subject of the withdrawal of the Reports of the Registrar-General of Births and Deaths, hitherto supplied to us and others gratuitously for scientific and useful purposes. The Registrar-General has intimated to us that, by a Treasury Minute of 31st May last, he is prevented from sending us the reports any longer. We memorialise your Lordships for a continuance of the privilege heretofore conceded, on the following grounds:—1. We have all of us, for many years past, been gratuitous contributors to the Registrar-General, by sending him the facts out of which his meteorological returns have been regularly drawn up under the able superintendence of Mr. Glasier. 2. Our observations thus contributed have been taken by means of expensive instruments, and the value and correctness of the observations have been enhanced by the fact that our instruments have been compared with standard instruments, and our observations constructed on one uniform system, under the direction of Mr. Glasier. 3. Our observations have been taken at arranged times daily, and by a common system, so as to ensure uniformity of results. 4. The labour of taking and recording these observations have necessitated in many cases an expenditure varying from 10l. to 20l. annually for procuring qualified assistants; while the cost to each of us, of time and attention, has been very considerable. Under these circumstances we feel strongly that we are at least deserving of copies of papers to which we have ourselves contributed so willingly; and the more so because the papers in question are not only interesting to us but useful, as enabling us to carry out scientific studies and observations, the sole object of which is for the good of the community. We therefore pray your Lordships earnestly that at least an exception may be made in our favour in regard to the distribution of the Registrar-General's papers; and would further humbly pray that your Lordships should reconsider the question of the propriety of withdrawing documents so eminently useful from men of science generally, who require them for the advancement of sanitary and social science. And your memorialists, as in duty bound, will ever pray. (Signed)

With the spirit of these latter documents we entirely agree. We are glad to find that a zeal for economy is beginning to be felt in Downing-street, and hope that it will not prove to be of that abortive kind which is popularly known as penny wisdom and pound foolishness. It is high time that some control was exercised over the vast sums most unnecessarily spent upon Government and official publications; but there is a wide distinction to be drawn between putting an end to an extravagant and needless waste, and a refusal to perform an act of simple justice. To those gentlemen who have contributed both time and money in aid of the REGISTRAR-GENERAL, a free copy of his reports is due, not only in courtesy,

but in justice. What possible difficulty can exist to prevent such arrangements being made as would enable them to do so we, not being of an official mind, are unable to understand. We trust, however, that the COMMISSIONERS OF THE TREASURY will reconsider the matter, and thus save themselves the odium of a very mean action, and the country from the loss of those very valuable portions of the REGISTRAR-GENERAL'S reports which the scientific memorialists threaten to withhold.

Mr. BRIGHT has been knighted and the Americans have not yet left off rejoicing, but the Atlantic cable has ceased to be effective. We do not record this for the purpose of enjoying the petty triumph of reminding our readers that we predicted this, but to point out that it is one of those accidents which can scarcely be classed under the denomination of "unforeseen." Mr. WHITEHOUSE, "Electrician-Projector, and one of the Four Original Promoters of the Atlantic Telegraph," has favoured us with a letter (which, as it has already appeared in the *Times*, need not be printed in *extenso*), in which he affirms that, "on the fourth day after the landing of the cable at Valentia, he felt it his duty to urge in the strongest manner upon the directors the immediate necessity for protecting the home end of our light and fragile cable, warning them of impending injury, and of the certain interruption of communication which would ensue therefrom. Of this no notice was taken by the directors." He then states that upon his own responsibility he took upon himself the onus of raising and repairing the faulty part of the cable, which was easily accessible; free intercommunication was thus re-established; and early the next morning the President's reply to her Majesty's message, which had been long waiting at Newfoundland, was transmitted from that station and was received at Valentia. From this it appears that the injury to the cable has arisen from some cause affecting it near the coast, a cause which, to be counteracted, requires extraordinary means of protection for the cable. Mr. WHITEHOUSE goes on to explain that this cause is the rolling surf upon the coast, which abrades and ultimately will destroy a cable which is intended for the deep sea only. This seems reasonable enough; and if the directors find it impossible to recover the communication, they will only have themselves to thank for it. Whilst they were throwing up their hats in London, "going off half-cocked" in America, and feasting in Dublin, they ought to have been at the shore ends of the cable, taking proper means to render it secure.

Meantime, we are glad to be able to announce that the cable has been laid between our shores and the Channel Islands, and that the telegraphic communication is complete—a fact which, when we remember the strategic importance of those islets, and that Alderney is within nine miles of France and almost in sight of Cherbourg, is of immense importance.

The last news from Newgate-street is that the Bluecoat boys are being drilled under the superintendence of "a celebrated Crimean non-commissioned officer, specially selected for the purpose by his Royal Highness the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE." We are told that the boys show great aptitude in the exercise, and that the facility with which they surmounted the difficulties of the "goose-step" would have shamed any average squad of recruits. It is admitted, however, that the heavy clogs and petticoats of EDWARD THE SIXTH's time were somewhat in the way of these martial exercises,—and who can be surprised at it? Why, the average weight of one of the coats which is put upon a boy eight years old and four feet high is rather over three pounds. Can it be expected that lads will grow under such an incubus?

The drilling takes place very appropriately upon a piece of ground, once the site of the Compter Prison, which the authorities—determined, we presume, to show that they have no intention of moving—have lately added to the school. There it is that the young conscripts march and countermarch in quick and slow step, and there no doubt their sports are admirably superintended by Messrs. SCARGILL and HIGHTON, who, by-the-by, must both be rather disgusted at this innovation upon that fine old system under which they doubtless attained the fullness of athletic vigour.

We understand that the Christ's Hospital authorities are deeply offended with the letter of



"LONDINENSIS," and it is not astonishing that they are so. That letter, as we have said before, contained many unpleasant assertions; but they were mostly true for all that. A letter from one of the Grecians has been printed in one of the papers, denying the statements of "LONDINENSIS" in very strong but general terms; but the letter gains nothing in authority from the fact that the writer is son to one of the masters of the school.

OUR readers will recollect the curious mistake into which a literary contemporary was betrayed by a little careless over-haste in the case of the sham lectures by LOLA MONTEZ. The discovery of that blunder was coolly appropriated by the anonymous correspondent of another contemporary, whose letter appeared just a week after the publication of all the facts in the columns of THE CRITIC. We have now to indicate another blunder in the case of another American publication, *Belle Brittan on a Tour*. In our review of that curious production we intimated our suspicion that the author belonged to the male sex, and treated him with a roughness which we should never have assumed towards a fair writer, although erring. The *Athenæum*, however, falls into the trap, and is quite enthusiastic about the unfettered freedom of this rollicking maiden "bonny, buxom, and blooming Belle"—as the reviewer alliteratively calls her. To set the matter at rest we subjoin a letter with which a correspondent, whose information may be implicitly relied upon, has favoured us:

BELLE BRITTAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—You are quite right in your surmise that the author of "*Belle Brittan*," reviewed in your last publication, is not a woman. The secret is no secret in America. "*Belle Brittan*" is Colonel Hiram Fuller, of New York, late editor of the *New York Mirror*, and correspondent of the *New Orleans Picayune*. See the motto on the title-page:

"His life whereof our nerves are scant,  
Oh, life, not death, for which we pant,  
More life, and FULLER, that we want."

The Colonel is well known in connection with the American press.

A RECENT TRAVELLER IN THE UNITED STATES.  
Reform Club, Sept. 9.

#### THE STATESMEN OF THE CONTINENT.

NO. IV.

BALDOMERO ESPARTERO.

THE chronic anarchy of Spain mocks the wisest, and would neutralise the most patriotic, statesmanship. Spain has not had in its long decline any statesmen of the foremost rank; and were such to arise at this moment, they would be powerless in the midst of mischiefs and miseries which have more of a social and moral than of a political origin. A great statesman can do nothing unless he can rely on, or can appeal to, the noble qualities of a people. A nation of hucksters murdered John de Witt, because John de Witt soared so far above the swamps and fogs of ungrateful Holland. And through all history many a companion, alike in divine aspiring and in tragic fate, has John de Witt had. In earth's vast array of martyrdoms the saddest are those of a political kind; for the blood of the victim fertilises no spot on which regenerating virtues can afterwards grow, whereas those who are martyrs for religion never die in vain. Assuredly the most valiant and devoted of her sons have battled and bled for Spain without being able to redeem their country. To a succession of wicked and imbecile monarchs we must not ascribe the deplorable decay of Spain. The fools and the monsters, both of the Austrian and of the Bourbon race, were but proofs set on high of the land's corruption. In truth Spain fell, and Spain is falling, from the bigoted attachment of the Spaniards to that which the voice of God and the voice of delivered mankind had condemned—the Papacy. He who will not march when the world is marching must be trampled down in the general and impetuous rush. Whence happened it that America, which made England the leading kingdom on the globe, killed Spain? It is absurd to say that the gold and the silver so lavishly poured into Spain from American regions destroyed Spanish industry. A hundredfold more lavishly are silver and gold poured into England; yet riches neither paralyse England's hand nor pollute England's ways. The Spaniards, a vaunted Charles the Fifth at their head, were blind to the signs of the times. And blind are they still. The real curse from which Spain has to be freed is a spiritual despotism. What a mockery are the forms of constitutional

government in Spain as long as Spain sits contented in the darkness of the most degrading superstition. A realm enslaved by monks can have no fit ruler but a Ferdinand and the Seventh. How popular Ferdinand contrived even from youth to be with the multitude, though he was stupid, treacherous, and cruel, and had not one single manly or kingly attribute that could justly claim esteem or admiration. If Spain is not sunk beyond the possibility of help or healing, the blessing so much needed must come in the shape of religious reformation. The thorough renewal of the nation's moral life cannot otherwise be achieved. But can we cherish the hope for Spain which we have ceased to cherish for Turkey or Persia? Is not Spain destined to be the prey of a foreign conqueror? It has once been saved by English courage and generosity. English generosity and courage, however, will never again undertake a task so terrible. The work of England is henceforth to extend and to defend an enormous colonial empire. Perchance England may yet herself be, not the champion, but the subduer of the Peninsula. A country so magnificent, within such easy reach of English ships, is tempting to English enterprise, that miraculous and irresistible instrument of modern civilisation. We cannot fly from, and we cannot hasten, the decrees of Providence; and the event often laughs at our proudest plans and most sagacious predictions. But when that which has been praised as a peace, yet which is only a truce, is at an end—and it may be at an end speedily—Spain will be hurled into the universal commotion, and the leprous legacy of priestcraft, tossed to and fro in the gory hands of rivals, half loathed and half coveted, it, the haughtiest of kingdoms, will have the shame and the anguish of being despised even by its spoilers.

If political remedies could have cured a moral malady, perhaps Espartero was as capable of administering them as any one. He has been guilty of unpardonable mistakes, and his reputation is not quite unblemished; but he is unquestionably the ablest and most honest of Spanish statesmen—though this is very moderate commendation where the politicians are all adventurers. The countrymen of Gil Blas have the Gil Blas faculties and appetites. Don Quixote is the knight-errant gone mad; Gil Blas is the knight-errant run to seed, and round whom some faint odour of chivalry still floats. The Spanish adventurer therefore differs somewhat, and rather to his advantage, from the adventurer of other lands: there is a touch of the Cid in him. There is more of Gil Blas than of the Cid in Espartero; but there is more of what we in England call the Whig than of either. The Whig is a temporiser; and temporising is Espartero's worse fault. Moreover, the Whig is a liberal, as distinguished from the true reformer; he likes to talk in a vague and rapid way of improvement and progress, without vigorously grappling with the matter in hand. The Whig, besides, is a doctrinaire; he has a bundle of small pedantries which are the law of his life, but which have no relation to the yearnings and heavings of society. Hampered by those small pedantries, the Whig is still more hampered by small precedents. He is always quoting what that most sophistical and bombastical of rhetoricians, the late Mr. Burke, said. What the late Mr. Burke said, and not what is fiercely and stupendously breathed from millions of English hearts now, the Whig obeys and strives to incarnate. The Whigs have principle without sympathy, and they are brave men with feeble will. Espartero is a Spanish Lord John Russell. He is marked by the same fatal mediocrity, and what is good in him is frustrated by the same fatal hesitations. From having been, however, so long a soldier, he is much less a pedant. He has often decided with the sword where Lord John Russell would have penned a see-sawing epistle or stammered out a see-sawing speech.

Baldomero Espartero was born at Granatula, in La Mancha, in 1792. His father, Antonio, was a cartwright. Baldomero was the youngest of nine children. On account of his weak constitution, the ecclesiastical profession was chosen for him; and his brother the parish priest of a neighbouring town undertook the care and the expense of his education. The rights which Charles the Fourth and his son, the Prince of the Asturias, surrendered to Napoleon with such craven and ignominious alacrity, the nation (not quite so debased as its rulers) manifested a disposition to vindicate, and in 1808 the Peninsular War began. The capitulation of Baylen em-

boldened the Spaniards to believe that they could drive the French across the Pyrenees by their own valour; but the overwhelming masses of Bonaparte would soon have crushed the insurgents, all the more that there was a strong party in favour of the French. That party was not in the main unpatriotic, though some of those who belonged to it might be selfish and unscrupulous. It was thought that through French ideas and French institutions Spain might be regenerated. When the banner of resistance to French authority was raised, Espartero, then sixteen years old, tossed theology aside, which had never been much to his taste, and turned soldier. He enrolled himself in a body which consisted almost entirely of young theologians, and was called the "Sacred Battalion." Soon after, through the influence of a noble family in which his brother was chaplain, he entered a military school. On leaving this school he found employment first of all as subaltern in a corps of engineers at Cadiz; but when he had submitted to an examination, his qualifications were not deemed such as to fit him for so scientific a branch of the service, and he was transferred to an infantry regiment at Valladolid. This treatment so deeply offended him that he was about to leave the army. He was advised, however, to present himself to General Pablo Morillo, the commander-in-chief of the expedition dispatched in January 1815 to suppress the rebellion in South America. Morillo conferred on him the rank of captain, and soon after appointed him the head of his staff. This situation Espartero exchanged in Peru for that of a major of infantry. During the nine years which he passed in South America he acquired by his brilliant achievements a most honourable name, alike for martial daring and military skill. The advancement which he had merited he received. In 1817, at the combat of Cochabamba in Higher Peru, Espartero, three times wounded, was named commander of the battalion which he had led to the assault of a redoubt with signal boldness and intrepidity. Colonel in 1822, he continued to add to his renown, especially at Torata, where he was twice wounded. The capitulation of Ayacucho in 1824 put an end to Spanish rule in South America. With the rank of brigadier Espartero returned to Spain, along with Laserna, Valdes, Canterac, Rodil, Alai, Lopez, Narvaez, Maroti, and others, who were called in mockery Ayacuchoes. Some of these men, who were Espartero's friends, were afterwards to be his foes, and to be widely known for other deeds than those which they had performed in America. Espartero brought back—a substantial specimen of Gil Blas luck—two millions of piastres, which he had gained by gambling. In garrison at Logrono, Espartero spent his money with a good deal of ostentation. He fell in love with the Senora Jacinta Santa-Cruz, the young and pretty daughter of a rich landowner of Logrono. The father offered a very strenuous opposition to the marriage, which nevertheless took place. Thereupon Espartero went with his regiment to Palma, in the island of Majorca, where he remained till the death of Ferdinand VII. In 1832, he gave his most emphatic approval to the law of succession established by the King, which broke through the invariable custom followed in the Bourbon family, and set aside the claims of the King's brother, Don Carlos; more, however, to the annoyance and disappointment of the priest party, that wished to use Don Carlos as a tool, than of Don Carlos himself, who had received a monkish education, and who had as little ambition as activity. On the death of the King the civil war was kindled, not really by Don Carlos, but by his partisans—a civil war in which both sides displayed prodigious heroism and most execrable cruelty. Espartero offered to pass with his regiment into the provinces of the north; the offer was accepted. Advanced to high command (though not the highest), he was frequently beaten by Zumalacarreaga. If the Carlists had been indebted for their successes to this famous chief, whose death was so grievous a loss to them, their opponents might justly ascribe their disasters to their leader Cordova, who had been a court favourite, and who had more presumption than audacity, and more audacity than talent. The troops of the Queen were much inferior to those of the pretender in discipline, in order, and in organisation. Cordova passing from the scene to an insignificance from which he should never have been raised, effectual measures were taken to restrain insubordination in the armies of the Queen by

Espartero, who on the 17th September 1836 was appointed Viceroy of Navarre, Captain-General of the Basque provinces, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the North. Espartero swept the Carlists from the heights of Luchana. This victory obtained for him the title of Count of Luchana, an honour which, as titles in Spain are so cheap, perhaps brought with it less satisfaction than the knowledge that he had twice saved Madrid from the assaults of the Carlists. Bounding suddenly from an inaction into which alike in military and political affairs he invariably sinks after some splendid feat, he in the spring of 1838 annihilated a Carlist army under General Negri. This triumph was followed in the course of 1838 and 1839 by many other successes. The Carlist cause had suffered more from the divisions in the Carlist camp than from the vigour and valour of the adversary. Those divisions Espartero industriously fomented. His dexterity in this direction, as much as the numerous defeats which he inflicted on the Carlists, led to the negotiations with Maroto, and to the peace concluded at Bergera on the 27th August 1839; whereof the result was the retirement of the Pretender into France. Maroto and Espartero had been friends in America. Next to Zumalacarre, Maroto was the ablest of the Carlist leaders; but his most energetic efforts were paralysed by internal conflicts and jealousies, and wretched priestly intrigues. It was the monks who had fanaticised the people in favour of Don Carlos, and it was the monks who ruined all his hopes. The peace which had been signed at Bergera did not prevent the Carlist General Cabrera from continuing the war in Aragon in 1840. But this was merely a guilty and useless prolonging of a contest which had already been decided, and the final blow dealt at the Carlists did not need to be a strong one. The hero of the hour had his reward; he was created a grandee of the first class and Duke of Vittoria. While adding to his military glory Espartero had not neglected to extend his political influence. Having contributed to the overthrow of the Calatrava ministry, he did not avail himself of the opportunity to seize a foremost political position which was thus offered. He limited himself to seeking political promotion for some of his friends, who no doubt, however, were instructed to pioneer his elevation to something more exalted than the premiership. For a season Espartero professed an ardent devotedness to the Queen Regent, saying that he was like Don Quixote a Manchego, that the lady of his thoughts was royal, and that for her nothing was impossible. These might be more than mere words of commonplace chivalry; they might be the expression of an honest loyalty. But it soon became obvious that Christina was leaguering herself with the enemies of Espartero, and that, the Carlist dangers vanquished, she was disposed, with true Bourbon unteachableness, to the most reactionary measures. One of these was a law restricting the municipal franchises, which to the Spaniards are the cherished shadows of a former freedom. The refusal to repeal the unwise and repressive enactment provoked a formidable insurrection in the land of insurrections. In terror, Christina sent for Espartero to Valencia. In triumph he entered Madrid, in triumph Valencia; the enthusiasts of the latter city substituting themselves for horses in the ancient idiotic fashion. At one of the stormy discussions between the Queen and Espartero, Christina, with passion, announced her determination to abdicate. This was on the 10th October 1840. Espartero was from that moment practically Regent; but on the 8th May 1841 he was confirmed in the Regency by a vote of the Cortes. It has not been denied, even by his calumniators, that Espartero for a long time governed well, with firmness, talent, prudence, and promptitude. And, perhaps, if Spain had been left to itself, Espartero might have found it possible to consolidate and continue his power. But the French, with their egregious vanity in everything, seem to think that Spain and Italy have no right to manage their own affairs, and cannot dispense with the counsel and assistance of France. The French are so wise a people, such lovers of peace and order, and for sixty years France has been so tranquil, contented, and prosperous, that of course the French must be excellently fitted to be the counsellors of other nations. This foolish French pretension excites the revolutionary spirit throughout Europe more actively and dangerously than the mad schemes of Mazzini and the revolutionists by profession. French plotting, along with Christina's ill-gotten

gold, was not the sole cause, but it was a principal cause, of Espartero's downfall. Resisting Papal and sacerdotal arrogance, striking down the attempt made by the infamous O'Donnell in the Queen Regent's favour at Pampeluna, manifesting a temper equally determined toward the rebellious movements of the Republicans and of the Basque provinces, Espartero appeared to be leaving behind his old faults and ascending by colossal steps toward Cromwell energy. To put down a fierce and aimless rising at Barcelona toward the end of 1842 Espartero judged it indispensable to bombard the town. This act of just severity was greedily seized on by the conspirators, bribed and unbribed, of every party, who had sworn Espartero's overthrow. There are always as many new constitutions in Spain as of fresh insurrections. To one of those countless new constitutions Espartero had bound himself by oath; and his eulogists have said that he never burst through constitutional limits except from extreme necessity. This is not praise, but blame; for in a lawless land the only possible law is the will and the wisdom of a noble and gifted ruler. Before an odious and malignant opposition, consisting of Liberals holding opinions similar to his own, of Republicans, and of the adherents of Christina, Espartero was not timid, but dilatory. He was the admirer and the ally of England, and one of the principal crimes attributed to him was a treaty of commerce supposed to be too advantageous to English interests, but which Espartero could have made with no other design or desire than the entrance of his country on a wider and more prosperous field of commercial action. Perhaps, however, Espartero was too inclined, in the face of a hybrid phalanx strong only in hate, to treat a Spanish problem as if it had been an English one. Espartero's dethronement reminds us of Palmerston's in many remarkable points. In the one case as in the other, though we scarcely pity the vanquished, we applaud not the victors. The Cortes having presented to Espartero some extremely impertinent and importunate demands, which, if granted, would have substantially put an end to his authority as Regent, he dissolved the Cortes. There was an immediate explosion in various parts of Spain. A revolutionary junta, formed at Barcelona, proclaimed the majority of Queen Isabella; the Provisional Government declared Espartero a traitor to his country. Narvaez, who could not be said to be the political antagonist of Espartero, since Narvaez never avowed and never consistently followed any political principle, but who was his personal enemy, marched on Madrid, and got the troops to shout for him by a distribution of coin which, no doubt, at one time had either Christina or Louis-Philippe for owner. Espartero, who had behaved with lamentable feebleness, but who perhaps did not wish to kindle in Spain another civil war, sailed from Cadiz on the 30th July 1843. He landed on the 19th of August in England, where he received a warm welcome. Three days before, he was deprived by a decree of all his titles, honours, and orders. These, however, were restored to him in 1848, when he was permitted to return to Spain. He retired to Logrono, and appeared to take no part in public affairs, and perhaps he really took little. Spain never marches, but it is always tossing in feverish uneasiness. We must not marvel, then, that in one of its hottest fits of fever it was seized with a sudden enthusiasm for Espartero. Don Leopoldo O'Donnell, Duke of Lucena, the worthy gentleman already mentioned who had plotted against Espartero so many years before, plotted on his own account and for his own benefit in 1854, and plotted with success. O'Donnell—the vilest renegade that modern Spain has produced, and who is a disgrace to his Irish ancestry—upset in the summer of 1854 a Ministry and became what is currently called master of the situation. But he at once discovered that neither Court nor country would trust him to play for more than a moment the principal part. To save himself, therefore, he entered into an alliance with Espartero, who was summoned from his retreat. When Espartero entered Madrid every heart and every voice strove to atone for former ingratitude. Espartero was again the most conspicuous man in Spain, the man the most esteemed, beloved, and trusted. The practical measures which, when restored to power, he brought forward were all excellent both in intention and in effect. For that very reason, however, were they distasteful to the reactionaries. These had the countenance of the King and Queen, and the support of the French

Ambassador, the Marquis de Turgot. O'Donnell, though the colleague of Espartero, and treated by the latter with the most unsuspecting confidence and the most unbounded kindness, entered into the conspiracy which the Bourbons and the Obscurantists were organising. The cry that the community was in danger from Socialism was raised; the King gave cigars and wine to the troops on parade, as Louis Napoleon, with a keener eye to the solid, had given sausages to the French battalions; at a time of dearth the stores of corn and flour were burned by mobs, who were supposed to have been bribed and urged to these bad deeds by the opponents of reform, with the view of throwing odium on reformers, as if only a democratic fury had been present. Espartero was repeatedly warned regarding O'Donnell's treachery and the machinations of the Court, but paid no attention to the warning. At last the conspirators, finding that peaceable means and diabolical suggestions to an incendiary rabble were not ripening results fast enough, resorted to open violence. The violence was met with violence; not, however, on the part of Espartero. This time, at least, Espartero had not lost popularity with the nation. At Saragossa, at Barcelona, and many other towns, there was either fighting or an energetic willingness to fight for one whose good qualities were now universally recognised. But the bolder his champions, the more Espartero sank into apathy. His withdrawal from the political scene on this occasion wanted all dignity; his conduct was not that of a strong man grandly resigned, and disposed to save by personal sacrifice his country from internal commotion—it was the childish yielding of a political fatalist. O'Donnell foolishly dreamed that now, in the summer of 1856, he was really master of the situation. But the Court and the Reactionaries at once and without ceremony showed him that he had merely been used as a tool, and in October 1856 the veteran intriguer Narvaez, Duke of Valencia, returned to a position for which perhaps, in the degradation of Spain, he was as fit as any one. Narvaez was not a better man than O'Donnell, but he had more ability. Though Narvaez about a year after fell, as he had fallen before, yet that and other changes of ministry brought no profit to O'Donnell. Compared to a Narvaez and an O'Donnell Espartero is a most respectable personage. But where great genius, great decision, great devotedness are required, we thrust the Espartos out of the way, who mean well, but who interest only when they come to us like Hamlet in a play.

#### A MAN OF NO PARTY.

A LITERARY PUBLIC OF THREE MILLIONS.—This discovery (which I venture to consider equally new and surprising) dawned upon me gradually. I made my first approaches towards it in walking about London, more especially in the second and third rate neighbourhoods. At such times, whenever I passed a small stationer's or small tobacconist's shop, I became conscious, mechanically as it were, of certain publications which invariably occupied the windows. These publications all appeared to be of the same small quarto size; they seemed to consist merely of a few unbound pages; each one of them had a picture on the upper half of the front leaf, and a quantity of small print on the under. I noticed just as much as this for some time, and no more. None of the gentlemen who are so good as to guide my taste in literary matters had ever directed my attention towards these mysterious publications. My favourite Review is, as I firmly believe, at this very day, unconscious of their existence. I have five of these journals now before me, represented by one sample copy, bought hap-hazard, of each. There are many more; but these five represent the successful and well-established members of the literary family. The eldest of them is a stout lad of fifteen years' standing. The youngest is an infant of three months old. All five are sold at the same price of one penny; all five are published regularly once a week; all five contain about the same quantity of matter. The weekly circulation of the most successful of the five is now publicly advertised (and, as I am informed, without exaggeration) at half a million. Taking the other four as attaining altogether to a circulation of another half million (which is probably much under the right estimate) we have a sale of a million weekly for five penny journals. Reckoning only three readers to each copy sold, the result is a public of three millions—a public unknown to the literary world; unknown, as disciples, to the whole body of professed critics; unknown, as customers, at the great libraries and the great publishing-houses; unknown, as an audience, to the distinguished English writers of our own time. A reading public of three millions which lies right out of the pale of literary civilisation is a phenomenon worth examining—a mystery which the sharpest man among us may not find it easy to solve.—*Household Words.*



## ENGLISH LITERATURE.

## CHRISTOFFEL'S ZWINGLI.

*Zwingli; or, the Rise of the Reformation in Switzerland. A Life of the Reformer, with some Notices of his Time and Contemporaries. By R. CHRISTOFFEL, Pastor of the Reformed Church, Wintersingen, Switzerland. Translated from the German by JOHN COCHRAN, Esq. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.*

It is only the most superficial reader of history that would allow himself to be so dazzled by the excessive splendour that encircles the names of Luther and Calvin, as not to discern the steady though less brilliant halo that adorns the memory of Erasmus, Zwingli, Cœcopadrius, Bugenhagen, Melancthon, Bullinger, and the other distinguished men that co-operated in the great Reformation. Of all these, none so closely resembled Luther as the father of the Reformation in Switzerland, Huldreich Zwingli. Born in the same year, both were led, at about the same time, and quite independently of each other, to discern the doctrinal errors and ecclesiastical abuses of the Papal system; both were animated by a sincere love for their fatherland; and what they felt earnestly they both of them preached zealously, and without fear of aught that might happen to themselves in the strife. It was the lot of Zwingli, however, to fall on the battle-field in the prime of life, and before he had quite achieved the great object of his existence; and it was the misfortune of both, that they differed from each other upon a point of doctrine that engendered much ill-feeling among their respective followers. Hence it is that the two names, which ought to have descended to posterity bracketed together, have somehow got separated, and the fame of Zwingli has been eclipsed by the greater renown of Luther.

Huldreich Zwingli, or Ulrich Zuinglius, the name by which he is best known to English readers, was born on the 1st of January 1484, in the little Alpine village of Wildhaus, at the eastern extremity of the valley of Toggenburg, in the Canton of St. Gall. The inhabitants of this village are represented as having been from time immemorial a simple pastoral people, who in the month of May drive their cattle to the mountain heights, ascending from Alp to Alp ever higher, until in July or August the utmost height is gained; and who, when winter asserts her gloomy reign, descend to the plains, where they stall their cows, and beguile the long evenings in their poorly-furnished cottages with music and song. Such was the community into which Zwingli was born, under the most favourable auspices, for his father owned meadows and Alps, and was so much esteemed by the inhabitants that they had elected him Ammann, or head of the village. But the Ammann was not merely a respectable man; he was also a God-fearing, patriotic Swiss citizen, "who in the circle of his family and more intimate associates was in the habit of relating stories from Swiss history, showing his attentive auditors how their native valley of Toggenburg had acquired greater and yet greater freedom, and how its inhabitants had secured themselves in the possession of it, by allying themselves with the bold confederates who rolled back from their mountain steep the hosts of Charles the Bold." The Parson of Wildhaus was also a Zwingli, Bartholomæus by name, and brother of the Ammann, who afterwards became Dean of Wesen. He was much attached to the family of his brother, and took especial notice of young Huldreich, whom he loved as his own son. There was likewise another ecclesiastic in the family who took notice of him, John Meili, an uncle of Zwingli's mother, who was for some time Abbot of the Cloister of Fischingen, in the Canton of Thurgau. These two ecclesiastics were both of them truly pious men, far different from the corrupt clergy too general at the period. Huldreich's mother and grandmother were also very excellent persons, imbued with strong religious feelings; and the boy, we are told, often hung on the lips of the latter, "as she stirred his piety by the relation of legendary tales and Biblical stories." Such were the begettings and surroundings of the future reformer.

About the year 1493, when he was in his third year, young Zwingli was consigned to the charge of his uncle, the Dean of Wesen, who sent him

to the public school in that town, whence, such was the aptitude for learning that he displayed, he was shortly removed to Basle, and afterwards to Berne, where he was placed under the tuition of Henry Woelflein or Lupulus, a distinguished scholar, who was deeply read in the Greek and Latin classics, geography, and history. Such was his reputation at this early period, that the Dominicans of Berne enticed him into their cloister, with the view of making him a monk—a snare from which he was preserved by the prudence of his father and uncle, who recalled him home to send him elsewhere.

We next hear of him, but at what precise period his biographer does not state, as attending the high school at Vienna, where he devoted himself for about two years, with much success, to the study of philosophy and the Latin classics. About the year 1502 he again went to Basle, where he occupied himself in teaching, at the same time that he himself attended the prelections at the high school.

In 1505 Zwingli concluded his studies at Basle, took his degree of Master of Arts, and decided upon entering the ecclesiastical state. No sooner was this known than he received an invitation to become the parson of Glarus, being elected to that post by the free votes of the community. Zwingli accepted the call, and immediately repaired to Constance, where he took priest's orders. On proceeding, however, to take possession of Glarus, he found there an intruder in the person of one Goeldli, "the descendant of an aristocratical house, at this time Master of the Horse to the Pope, and a boon companion of his Holiness, who had appeared with a Papal letter of investiture for the place, although he was already in the possession of several livings." As an instance of the corruption of the times it may be mentioned that Zwingli, who had been elected by those who had alone the legal right of presentation, was obliged to buy off this cormorant with a sum of money before he could enter upon his office.

Zwingli entered the ecclesiastical estate with an exalted idea of the priestly character. His first resolve was: "I will be true and upright before God in every situation of life in which the hand of the Lord may place me." Next to his pulpit ministrations, he devoted himself with the utmost diligence to the education of the youth of Glarus. He founded a Latin school in his parish, superintended the studies of the pupils himself, and won over a band of young men from the first families in the country to the cause of enlightened learning. The illustrious Erasmus bears testimony to his labours in this respect. Writing to Zwingli, he says: "All hail to the Swiss people, whom I have always admired, whose intellectual and moral qualities yourself, and men such as yourself, are training. But his known love of learning exposed him to temptation. There was one Matthew Schinner, a cardinal of the Romish Church, who, from being a heri-boy, had risen to that high position, and had now come as an emissary from the Pope into Switzerland. The part he had to play was to enlist as much support as possible from high and low in Switzerland, in favour of the Pope, as opposed to the French King. The keen-sighted Cardinal was not long in perceiving that the young and enthusiastic Parson of Glarus was just the individual best adapted to further his views. To him, therefore, Schinner repaired, and, adroitly taking advantage of Zwingli's reputation for learning, informed him that the Pope his master had kindly set apart for him the sum of fifty florins annually, to enable him to prosecute his studies; in return for which "Zwingli's talents and energies were to be devoted to the Pope." The glittering bait was too much for the young priest to resist, as he himself informs us: "I confess here before God and all the world my sin, in drawing the above annual sum, for before the year 1516 I hung nightly on the Roman power, and thought it highly becoming in me to take money from it, although I told the Romish ambassadors, in clear and express terms, when they exhorted me to preach nothing against the Pope, they were not to fancy that I for their money should withhold one iota of the truth, so they might take back, or

give it, as they pleased." We thus see him for a time in the character of a pensionary of the Pope—the only part of his whole career in life against which there can be brought any serious objection.

So successful was Schinner in his diplomacy in Switzerland, that in the early part of 1513 a body of some 20,000 men was raised there, and led across the Alps to drive the French out of Lombardy. Glarus contributed largely to this force, and Zwingli accompanied it to the field as chaplain or field preacher. This, it seems, was an ancient Swiss custom, so that it would perhaps be harsh to say that Zwingli acted as a Papal pensionary. It is significant, however, that when the campaign was brought to a triumphant conclusion, "a Papal embassy presented by the hand of Zwingli the proud victors in the war with a richly-gilt sword and a ducal hat, emblazoned with pearls and gold, over which the Holy Spirit hovered in the form of a dove. At the same time the honorary title was bestowed upon them of 'Deliverers of the Church.'" Again, in 1515, when Francis I. endeavoured to recover the province of Upper Italy, and the Swiss again crossed the Alps to oppose him, Zwingli accompanied them as before.

The time was coming, however, when neither in the battle-field nor elsewhere would Zwingli be regarded as the champion of the Pope. In the interval between the years 1506 and 1516 he had studied deeply, and had been much struck with the differences between ancient practice and the usages of the Church. In 1514 he paid a visit to Basle, where he became acquainted with Erasmus, and not only had his own views strengthened, but was enlightened upon many points of difference between the primitive Church and the Church of Rome. It was not for a man of Zwingli's impulsive temperament to lock up all this within his own breast. In his sermons he frequently gave expression to his convictions, so that he was not long without having a suspicion of heresy attached to him; and the consequence was, that his residence at Glarus became anything but pleasant. It was fortunate for him, therefore, that just at this time he received an invitation from the Administrator of Einsiedeln, a famous cloister and resort of pilgrims, to go thither and help him.

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This exposure of the monk Samson took place in August 1518, and about the end of the same year Zwingli quitted Einsiedeln for Zurich, where he had been elected Leut-priest. He had by this time achieved a high reputation, both as a preacher and reformer, and was received with open arms and magnificently entertained upon his arrival at Zurich. His first sermon was preached on New Year's Day, and commanded universal attention. Personally he had all the advantages of a great orator. He was a fine-looking

Espartero, who on the 17th September 1836 was appointed Viceroy of Navarre, Captain-General of the Basque provinces, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the North. Espartero swept the Carlists from the heights of Luchana. This victory obtained for him the title of Count of Luchana, an honour which, as titles in Spain are so cheap, perhaps brought with it less satisfaction than the knowledge that he had twice saved Madrid from the assaults of the Carlists. Bounding suddenly from an inaction into which alike in military and political affairs he invariably sinks after some splendid feat, he in the spring of 1838 annihilated a Carlist army under General Negri. This triumph was followed in the course of 1838 and 1839 by many other successes. The Carlist cause had suffered more from the divisions in the Carlist camp than from the vigour and valour of the adversary. Those divisions Espartero industriously fomented. His dexterity in this direction, as much as the numerous defeats which he inflicted on the Carlists, led to the negotiations with Maroto, and to the peace concluded at Bergara on the 27th August 1839; whereof the result was the retirement of the Pretender into France. Maroto and Espartero had been friends in America. Next to Zumalacarguy, Maroto was the ablest of the Carlist leaders; but his most energetic efforts were paralysed by internal conflicts and jealousies, and wretched priestly intrigues. It was the monks who had fanaticised the people in favour of Don Carlos, and it was the monks who ruined all his hopes. The peace which had been signed at Bergara did not prevent the Carlist General Cabrera from continuing the war in Aragon in 1840. But this was merely a guilty and useless prolonging of a contest which had already been decided, and the final blow dealt at the Carlists did not need to be a strong one. The hero of the hour had his reward; he was created a grandee of the first class and Duke of Vittoria. While adding to his military glory Espartero had not neglected to extend his political influence. Having contributed to the overthrow of the Calatrava ministry, he did not avail himself of the opportunity to seize a foremost political position which was thus offered. He limited himself to seeking political promotion for some of his friends, who no doubt, however, were instructed to pioneer his elevation to something more exalted than the premiership. For a season Espartero professed an ardent devotedness to the Queen Regent, saying that he was like Don Quixote a Manchego, that the lady of his thoughts was royal, and that for her nothing was impossible. These might be more than mere words of commonplace chivalry; they might be the expression of an honest loyalty. But it soon became obvious that Christina was leaguering herself with the enemies of Espartero, and that, the Carlist dangers vanquished, she was disposed, with true Bourbon unteachableness, to the most reactionary measures. One of these was a law restricting the municipal franchises, which to the Spaniards are the cherished shadows of a former freedom. The refusal to repeal the unwise and repressive enactment provoked a formidable insurrection in the land of insurrections. In terror, Christina sent for Espartero to Valencia. In triumph he entered Madrid, in triumph Valencia; the enthusiasts of the latter city substituting themselves for horses in the ancient idiotic fashion. At one of the stormy discussions between the Queen and Espartero, Christina, with passion, announced her determination to abdicate. This was on the 10th October 1840. Espartero was from that moment practically Regent; but on the 8th May 1841 he was confirmed in the Regency by a vote of the Cortes. It has not been denied, even by his calumniators, that Espartero for a long time governed well, with firmness, talent, prudence, and promptitude. And, perhaps, if Spain had been left to itself, Espartero might have found it possible to consolidate and continue his power. But the French, with their egregious vanity in everything, seem to think that Spain and Italy have no right to manage their own affairs, and cannot dispense with the counsel and assistance of France. The French are so wise a people, such lovers of peace and order, and for sixty years France has been so tranquil, contented, and prosperous, that of course the French must be excellently fitted to be the counsellors of other nations. This foolish French pretension excites the revolutionary spirit throughout Europe more actively and dangerously than the mad schemes of Mazzini and the revolutionists by profession. French plotting, along with Christina's ill-gotten

gold, was not the sole cause, but it was a principal cause, of Espartero's downfall. Resisting Papal and sacerdotal arrogance, striking down the attempt made by the infamous O'Donnell in the Queen Regent's favour at Pampeluna, manifesting a temper equally determined toward the rebellious movements of the Republicans and of the Basque provinces, Espartero appeared to be leaving behind his old faults and ascending by colossal steps toward Cromwell energy. To put down a fierce and aimless rising at Barcelona toward the end of 1842 Espartero judged it indispensable to bombard the town. This act of just severity was greedily seized on by the conspirators, bribed and unbribed, of every party, who had sworn Espartero's overthrow. There are always as many new constitutions in Spain as of fresh insurrections. To one of those countless new constitutions Espartero had bound himself by oath; and his eulogists have said that he never burst through constitutional limits except from extreme necessity. This is not praise, but blame; for in a lawless land the only possible law is the will and the wisdom of a noble and gifted ruler. Before an odious and malignant opposition, consisting of Liberals holding opinions similar to his own, of Republicans, and of the adherents of Christina, Espartero was not timid, but dilatory. He was the admirer and the ally of England, and one of the principal crimes attributed to him was a treaty of commerce supposed to be too advantageous to English interests, but which Espartero could have made with no other design or desire than the entrance of his country on a wider and more prosperous field of commercial action. Perhaps, however, Espartero was too inclined, in the face of a hybrid phalanx strong only in hate, to treat a Spanish problem as if it had been an English one. Espartero's dethronement reminds us of Palmerston's in many remarkable points. In the one case as in the other, though we scarcely pity the vanquished, we applaud not the victors. The Cortes having presented to Espartero some extremely impertinent and importunate demands, which, if granted, would have substantially put an end to his authority as Regent, he dissolved the Cortes. There was an immediate explosion in various parts of Spain. A revolutionary junta, formed at Barcelona, proclaimed the majority of Queen Isabella; the Provisional Government declared Espartero a traitor to his country. Narvaez, who could not be said to be the political antagonist of Espartero, since Narvaez never avowed and never consistently followed any political principle, but who was his personal enemy, marched on Madrid, and got the troops to shout for him by a distribution of coin which, no doubt, at one time had either Christina or Louis-Philippe for owner. Espartero, who had behaved with lamentable feebleness, but who perhaps did not wish to kindle in Spain another civil war, sailed from Cadiz on the 30th July 1843. He landed on the 19th of August in England, where he received a warm welcome. Three days before, he was deprived by a decree of all his titles, honours, and orders. These, however, were restored to him in 1848, when he was permitted to return to Spain. He retired to Logrono, and appeared to take no part in public affairs, and perhaps he really took little. Spain never marches, but it is always tossing in feverish uneasiness. We must not marvel, then, that in one of its hottest fits of fever it was seized with a sudden enthusiasm for Espartero. Don Leopoldo O'Donnell, Duke of Lucena, the worthy gentleman already mentioned who had plotted against Espartero so many years before, plotted on his own account and for his own benefit in 1854, and plotted with success. O'Donnell—the vilest renegade that modern Spain has produced, and who is a disgrace to his Irish ancestry—upset in the summer of 1854 a Ministry and became what is currently called master of the situation. But he at once discovered that neither Court nor country would trust him to play for more than a moment the principal part. To save himself, therefore, he entered into an alliance with Espartero, who was summoned from his retreat. When Espartero entered Madrid every heart and every voice strove to atone for former ingratitude. Espartero was again the most conspicuous man in Spain, the man the most esteemed, beloved, and trusted. The practical measures which, when restored to power, he brought forward were all excellent both in intention and in effect. For that very reason, however, were they distasteful to the reactionaries. These had the countenance of the King and Queen, and the support of the French

Ambassador, the Marquis de Turgot. O'Donnell, though the colleague of Espartero, and treated by the latter with the most unsuspecting confidence and the most unbounded kindness, entered into the conspiracy which the Bourbons and the Obscurantists were organising. The cry that the community was in danger from Socialism was raised; the King gave cigars and wine to the troops on parade, as Louis Napoleon, with a keener eye to the solid, had given sausages to the French battalions; at a time of dearth the stores of corn and flour were burned by mobs, who were supposed to have been bribed and urged to these bad deeds by the opponents of reform, with the view of throwing odium on reformers, as if only a democratic fury had been present. Espartero was repeatedly warned regarding O'Donnell's treachery and the machinations of the Court, but paid no attention to the warning. At last the conspirators, finding that peaceable means and diabolical suggestions to an incendiary rabble were not ripening results fast enough, resorted to open violence. The violence was met with violence; not, however, on the part of Espartero. This time, at least, Espartero had not lost popularity with the nation. At Saragossa, at Barcelona, and many other towns, there was either fighting or an energetic willingness to fight for one whose good qualities were now universally recognised. But the bolder his champions, the more Espartero sank into apathy. His withdrawal from the political scene on this occasion wanted all dignity; his conduct was not that of a strong man grandly resigned, and disposed to save by personal sacrifice his country from internal commotion—it was the childish yielding of a political fatalist. O'Donnell foolishly dreamed that now, in the summer of 1856, he was really master of the situation. But the Court and the Reactionaries at once and without ceremony showed him that he had merely been used as a tool, and in October 1856 the veteran intriguer Narvaez, Duke of Valencia, returned to a position for which perhaps, in the degradation of Spain, he was as fit as any one. Narvaez was not a better man than O'Donnell, but he had more ability. Though Narvaez about a year after fell, as he had fallen before, yet that and other changes of ministry brought no profit to O'Donnell. Compared to a Narvaez and an O'Donnell Espartero is a most respectable personage. But where great genius, great decision, great devotedness are required, we thrust the Esparteros out of the way, who mean well, but who interest only when they come to us like Hamlet in a play.

#### A MAN OF NO PARTY.

A LITERARY PUBLIC OF THREE MILLIONS.—This discovery (which I venture to consider equally new and surprising) dawned upon me gradually. I made my first approaches towards it in walking about London, more especially in the second and third rate neighbourhoods. At such times, whenever I passed a small stationer's or small tobacco-shop, I became conscious, mechanically as it were, of certain publications which invariably occupied the windows. These publications all appeared to be of the same small quarto size; they seemed to consist merely of a few unbound pages; each one of them had a picture on the upper half of the front leaf, and a quantity of small print on the under. I noticed just as much as this for some time, and no more. None of the gentlemen who are so good as to guide my taste in literary matters had ever directed my attention towards these mysterious publications. My favourite Review is, as I firmly believe, at this very day, unconscious of their existence. I have five of these journals now before me, represented by one sample copy, bought hap-hazard, of each. There are many more; but these five represent the successful and well-established members of the literary family. The eldest of them is a stout lad of fifteen years' standing. The youngest is an infant of three months old. All five are sold at the same price of one penny; all five are published regularly once a week; all five contain about the same quantity of matter. The weekly circulation of the most successful of the five is now publicly advertised (and, as I am informed, without exaggeration) at half a million. Taking the other four as attaining altogether to a circulation of another half million (which is probably much under the right estimate) we have a sale of a million weekly for five penny journals. Reckoning only three readers to each copy sold, the result is a public of three millions—a public unknown to the literary world; unknown, as disciples, to the whole body of professed critics; unknown, as customers, at the great libraries and the great publishing-houses; unknown, as an audience, to the distinguished English writers of our own time. A reading public of three millions which lies right out of the pale of literary civilisation is a phenomenon worth examining—a mystery which the sharpest man among us may not find it easy to solve.—*Household Words.*



## ENGLISH LITERATURE.

## CHRISTOFFEL'S ZWINGLI.

*Zwingli; or, the Rise of the Reformation in Switzerland. A Life of the Reformer, with some Notices of his Time and Contemporaries.* By R. CHRISTOFFEL, Pastor of the Reformed Church, Wintersingen, Switzerland. Translated from the German by JOHN COCHRAN, Esq. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

It is only the most superficial reader of history that would allow himself to be so dazzled by the excessive splendour that encircles the names of Luther and Calvin, as not to discern the steady though less brilliant halo that adorns the memory of Erasmus, Zwingli, (Ecolampadius, Bugenhagen, Melancthon, Bullinger, and the other distinguished men that co-operated in the great Reformation. Of all these, none so closely resembled Luther as the father of the Reformation in Switzerland, Huldreich Zwingli. Born in the same year, both were led, at about the same time, and quite independently of each other, to discern the doctrinal errors and ecclesiastical abuses of the Papal system; both were animated by a sincere love for their fatherland; and what they felt earnestly they both of them preached zealously, and without fear of aught that might happen to themselves in the strife. It was the lot of Zwingli, however, to fall on the battle-field in the prime of life, and before he had quite achieved the great object of his existence; and it was the misfortune of both, that they differed from each other upon a point of doctrine that engendered much ill-feeling among their respective followers. Hence it is that the two names, which ought to have descended to posterity bracketed together, have somehow got separated, and the fame of Zwingli has been eclipsed by the greater renown of Luther.

Huldreich Zwingli, or Ulrich Zuinglius, the name by which he is best known to English readers, was born on the 1st of January 1484, in the little Alpine village of Wildhaus, at the eastern extremity of the valley of Toggenburg, in the Canton of St. Gall. The inhabitants of this village are represented as having been from time immemorial a simple pastoral people, who in the month of May drive their cattle to the mountain heights, ascending from Alp to Alp ever higher, until in July or August the utmost height is gained; and who, when winter asserts her gloomy reign, descend to the plains, where they stall their cows, and beguile the long evenings in their poorly-furnished cottages with music and song. Such was the community into which Zwingli was born, under the most favourable auspices, for his father owned meadows and Alps, and was so much esteemed by the inhabitants that they had elected him Ammann, or head of the village. But the Ammann was not merely a respectable man; he was also a God-fearing, patriotic Swiss citizen, "who in the circle of his family and more intimate associates was in the habit of relating stories from Swiss history, showing his attentive auditors how their native valley of Toggenburg had acquired greater and yet greater freedom, and how its inhabitants had secured themselves in the possession of it, by allying themselves with the bold confederates who rolled back from their mountain steep the hosts of Charles the Bold." The Parson of Wildhaus was also a Zwingli, Bartholomæus by name, and brother of the Ammann, who afterwards became Dean of Wesen. He was much attached to the family of his brother, and took especial notice of young Huldreich, whom he loved as his own son. There was likewise another ecclesiastic in the family who took notice of him, John Meili, an uncle of Zwingli's mother, who was for some time Abbot of the Cloister of Fischingen, in the Canton of Thurgau. These two ecclesiastics were both of them truly pious men, far different from the corrupt clergy too general at the period. Huldreich's mother and grandmother were also very excellent persons, imbued with strong religious feelings; and the boy, we are told, often hung on the lips of the latter, "as she stirred his piety by the relation of legendary tales and Biblical stories." Such were the begettings and surroundings of the future reformer.

About the year 1493, when he was in his ninth year, young Zwingli was consigned to the charge of his uncle, the Dean of Wesen, who sent him

to the public school in that town, whence, such was the aptitude for learning that he displayed, he was shortly removed to Basle, and afterwards to Berne, where he was placed under the tuition of Henry Woelflein or Lupulus, a distinguished scholar, who was deeply read in the Greek and Latin classics, geography, and history. Such was his reputation at this early period, that the Dominicans of Berne enticed him into their cloister, with the view of making him a monk—a snare from which he was preserved by the prudence of his father and uncle, who recalled him home to send him elsewhere.

We next hear of him, but at what precise period his biographer does not state, as attending the high school at Vienna, where he devoted himself for about two years, with much success, to the study of philosophy and the Latin classics. About the year 1502 he again went to Basle, where he occupied himself in teaching, at the same time that he himself attended the prelections at the high school.

In 1505 Zwingli concluded his studies at Basle, took his degree of Master of Arts, and decided upon entering the ecclesiastical state. No sooner was this known than he received an invitation to become the parson of Glarus, being elected to that post by the free votes of the community. Zwingli accepted the call, and immediately repaired to Constance, where he took priest's orders. On proceeding, however, to take possession of Glarus, he found there an intruder in the person of one Goeldli, "the descendant of an aristocratical house, at this time Master of the Horse to the Pope, and a boon companion of his holiness, who had appeared with a Papal letter of investiture for the place, although he was already in the possession of several livings." As an instance of the corruption of the times it may be mentioned that Zwingli, who had been elected by those who had alone the legal right of presentation, was obliged to buy off this cormorant with a sum of money before he could enter upon his office.

Zwingli entered the ecclesiastical estate with an exalted idea of the priestly character. His first resolve was: "I will be true and upright before God in every situation of life in which the hand of the Lord may place me." Next to his pulpit ministrations, he devoted himself with the utmost diligence to the education of the youth of Glarus. He founded a Latin school in his parish, superintended the studies of the pupils himself, and won over a band of young men from the first families in the country to the cause of enlightened learning. The illustrious Erasmus bears testimony to his labours in this respect. Writing to Zwingli, he says: "All hail to the Swiss people, whom I have always admired, whose intellectual and moral qualities yourself, and men such as yourself, are training. But his known love of learning exposed him to temptation. There was one Matthew Schinner, a cardinal of the Romish Church, who, from being a herd-boy, had risen to that high position, and had now come as emissary from the Pope into Switzerland. The part he had to play was to enlist as much support as possible from high and low in Switzerland, in favour of the Pope, as opposed to the French King. The keen-sighted Cardinal was not long in perceiving that the young and enthusiastic Parson of Glarus was just the individual best adapted to further his views. To him, therefore, Schinner repaired, and, adroitly taking advantage of Zwingli's reputation for learning, informed him that the Pope his master had kindly set apart for him the sum of fifty florins annually, to enable him to prosecute his studies; in return for which "Zwingli's talents and energies were to be devoted to the Pope." The glittering bait was too much for the young priest to resist, as he himself informs us: "I confess here before God and all the world my sin, in drawing the above annual sum, for before the year 1516 I hung nightly on the Roman power, and thought it highly becoming in me to take money from it, although I told the Romish ambassadors, in clear and express terms, when they exhorted me to preach nothing against the Pope, they were not to fancy that I for their money should withhold one iota of the truth, so they might take back, or

give it, as they pleased." We thus see him for a time in the character of a pensionary of the Pope—the only part of his whole career in life against which there can be brought any serious objection.

So successful was Schinner in his diplomacy in Switzerland, that in the early part of 1513 a body of some 20,000 men was raised there, and led across the Alps to drive the French out of Lombardy. Glarus contributed largely to this force, and Zwingli accompanied it to the field as chaplain or field preacher. This, it seems, was an ancient Swiss custom, so that it would perhaps be harsh to say that Zwingli acted as a Papal pensionary. It is significant, however, that when the campaign was brought to a triumphant conclusion, "a Papal embassy presented by the hand of Zwingli the proud victors in the war with a richly-gilt sword and a ducal hat, emblazoned with pearls and gold, over which the Holy Spirit hovered in the form of a dove. At the same time the honorary title was bestowed upon them of 'Deliverers of the Church.'" Again, in 1515, when Francis I. endeavoured to recover the province of Upper Italy, and the Swiss again crossed the Alps to oppose him, Zwingli accompanied them as before.

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also in form and figure, and was now in the flower of his age, adding to a powerful frame of body a well-modulated, deep-toned voice.

For four years did Zwingli preach and teach at Zurich, producing an evident change in the life and conversation of the majority of his hearers. Nor was he less successful in quelling the passion of the Zurichers for engaging as mercenaries in foreign wars. At his recommendation they refused to take any side in the contests between the Pope, the Emperor, and the King of France. This gained him many political enemies, while at the same time his ecclesiastical superior, the Bishop of Constance, took offence at his religious proceedings. Other neighbouring bishops, also, took alarm, and one and all resolved to crush Zwingli and his associates. But in vain. Zwingli had got too strong a hold upon his faithful Zurichers; and it was resolved in an ecclesiastical assembly of the canton, on the 15th of August 1522, that its members should "preach nothing but what is contained in the Word of God."

Having gained this victory, Zwingli went on nobly for the next four years with the work of Reformation—not, however, without great personal risk to himself, his life being frequently attempted by assassins. Like Luther, too, he had to contend not only against the Papacy, but against the Anabaptists, those wild fanatics whose extravagance damaged the cause of the Reformation more than the axe and the faggot of its avowed enemies. Among the Romanists his greatest enemy was Faber, once a friend and a pretended Reformer, but now raging like Eck—Luther's Dr. Eck—against all who dared to impugn any of the errors of the Papacy. Both of these men loudly proclaimed that the only way of dealing with the Reformation was that of the fire and the sword. These, however, were not his only trials. He found himself involved in an important doctrinal dispute with Martin Luther himself, the man whom of all others he most admired, and whom he himself most resembled. Into the nature of this dispute it is not our purpose to enter. Suffice it to say that he combated Luther upon his tenet of consubstantiation in the Eucharist, and that, believing himself to have truth upon his side, he would not yield in one iota to the great German Reformer. The author of the present biography has shown that Luther conducted himself in this dispute with an amount of overbearing haughtiness and acrimony that contrast very unfavourably with the calm and dignified demeanour of his opponent.

We must now, however, hasten to the close of Zwingli's life. The persecutions to which the Reformers had been subjected on every side roused up the Zurichers to take such measures of self-defence as the exigency of the times demanded. Their first proceeding was to enter into a close alliance offensive and defensive with the neighbouring city of Constance. The Emperor was now threatening it, and in the emergency the inhabitants turned to the men of Zurich, with whom they concluded the alliance called "The Christian Burgher-Right" on the 25th of December 1527. Subsequently Berne, Gall, Biel, Muehlhausen, Basle, Schaffhausen, and Strasburg joined the Christian Burgher-Right, which thus assumed a magnitude and importance that caused its enemies to regard it not merely with aversion, but alarm. Zwingli was, of course, the moving spirit in this alliance, and he would have desired for it a still greater extension, so as to embrace at least all Protestant Germany, were in not for the obstinacy of Berne and the unfortunate dispute on the subject of the Eucharist. To oppose the Christian Burgher-Right there was the confederation of the "Five Places," as they were called, namely the cantons of Uri, Schwyz, Unterwalden, Lucerne, and Zug; which confederation was now in close alliance with the Emperor. An event which precipitated the declaration of hostilities between these two leagues, was the execution by fire of one of the Zurich pastors, who was seized upon in a territory alleged to belong to the canton of Schwyz, though in reality appertaining to Glarus. The unhappy man was taken to Utznach, and there burnt to death. This cruel and iniquitous transaction at once determined the Council of Zurich to declare war against Schwyz, which of course involved them in a contest with the other Four Places. The manifesto issued by the Zurichers on the occasion, bearing date June 3rd 1529, is a singularly able document, and decisive action followed hard upon it. Zwingli himself, it is thought, sketched the

plan of operations; at all events, he marched to the field with the main body of the Zurich troops, amounting to about four thousand men. There were altogether in the field as many as thirty thousand men on both sides. Had Zurich now struck a decisive blow, as Zwingli advised, religious liberty might have been secured, and an honourable and lasting peace have been concluded. Instead of which, the leaders temporised and listened to overtures of accommodation from the Five Places. The result was a treaty of peace, signed on the 24th of June 1530, the terms of which were highly favourable to the Reformers, had they been observed by their opponents. This, however, was never intended. War broke out again in the following year; and this time the Zurichers managed their affairs so badly that a force of only one thousand men found themselves opposed to about eight thousand of the enemy, in the neighbourhood of Cappel, and in such a position that it was impossible to avoid a battle. The Zurichers, we are told, fought like lions, or with the courage of the Maccabees of old; but the odds were too much for them. They left more than five hundred of their number on the battle field, and among the wounded was Zwingli. He had stooped down early in the combat to comfort a fallen countryman, when he was violently struck by a stone, and upon recovering himself received a thrust from a spear. "What evil is it?" he said; "they may kill the body, the soul they cannot kill." When the action was over he was found leaning against a tree, by a party of marauding soldiers, who recognised him, and asked whether they should fetch a priest to confess him. He made a motion in the negative, and they then urged him to call upon the Mother of God and the Saints in his heart, to which he replied again by a negative motion of his head. "Die then, obstinate heretic," said Bockinger, an officer from Unterwalden, giving him at the same time a fatal stab. Not content with this, the savage victors, to show their hatred still further, ordered that his body should be quartered by the common hangman, then burned, "and the ashes mingled with the ashes of a swine, that it might be impossible for his friends and admirers to identify his remains." Thus perished, on the 11th October 1531 the great Apostle of the Reformation in Switzerland, in the forty-eighth year of his age, and at a crisis when such a loss to his Protestant countrymen appeared almost irreparable. Bullinger, however, succeeded him in the chief pastorate at Zurich, where he nobly carried on the work of the Reformation; and not long afterwards there sprang up Calvin, who consummated at Geneva the glorious enterprise that had been inaugurated in German Switzerland.

Any notice of Zwingli would be incomplete that did not mention his marriage with Anna Reinhard, widow of John Meyer Von Koonau. This took place in the year 1522; and after being kept private for about two years, was publicly celebrated on the 2nd of April 1524, to the great joy of all his friends. Zwingli was exceedingly happy in his domestic relations, and had issue by this marriage two sons and as many daughters. They were all adopted by Bullinger after his friend's death. Anna Zwingli, the widow, was also received by him into his family, and treated with all the tenderness of a mother. In the same fatal battle that bereaved her of her husband, she lost also her son Gerold Meyer, a brother, a brother-in-law, and a son-in-law. She survived her husband for about seven years, leaving behind her the reputation of having been the worthy spouse of so great a man.

#### THE GREAT REBELLION.

*Studies and Illustrations of the Great Rebellion.* By JOHN LANGTON SANFORD, of Lincoln's-Inn, Barrister-at-law. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1858.

THE literary history of this solid volume, as told by Mr. Sanford in his preface, is interesting and curious. Fifteen years ago his "attention was drawn to the great discrepancy in the estimate of the character of Oliver Cromwell in the pages of the historical authorities of that day." He resolved accordingly to make a collection of Cromwell's own letters, "as a backbone to any further investigations into his character." The books and MSS. of the British Museum were ransacked with diligence, and "at the end of two years, I had thus brought together about 300 letters—published and unpublished—and had

read through and re-punctuated into some sense most of the Protector's printed speeches." The result was to convince Mr. Sanford that the ordinary theory of Cromwell's hypocrisy and selfish ambition was without any foundation in fact. Perhaps this conviction, and also the data on which it was based, might have then been communicated to the public. But during those same years another and a more celebrated inquirer had been, unknown to Mr. Sanford, and with a similar result, excavating in the biography of the great Puritan. In 1845 Mr. Carlyle published his "Letters and Speeches of Cromwell." This well-known collection contained several letters new to Mr. Sanford; but he, on the other, had many which were not in Mr. Carlyle's book. These he handed over to the historian, by whom they were "included in his second edition (1846), with some other discoveries which I had made in the mean time, such as Cromwell's answer to the Clonmacnoise Manifesto,"—a piece, by the way, which only through some strange oversight could have escaped Mr. Carlyle's attention, as it figured duly in the British Museum catalogue under the name of "Cromwell." So far, Mr. Sanford's researches had been useful, but without procuring for him any extrinsic reward. Further and extensive researches in books and MSS. in London, Oxford, and Dublin, were made by Mr. Sanford, in "the hope of being able to mould previous investigations into a work which might be supplementary to Mr. Carlyle's volumes." Prominent and pre-eminent among these later authorities was that most curious and valuable MS. preserved in the British Museum—Sir Simonds D'Ewes' "Journal of the Long Parliament," of which Mr. John Forster has made such striking use in the paper on "The Grand Remonstrance," published for the first time in the recent collection of his "Historical and Biographical Essays." In 1850 Mr. Sanford had ready for the press a work of considerable extent, embodying his views of, and discoveries in, the History of the so-called "Great Rebellion." The London publishers shook their heads, however, at the bulk of the MS. submitted to them, and with the want of grammar complained of long ago by Jedediah Cleishbotham, "declined the article." Mr. Sanford reduced the dimensions of his work, and tried the publishers again, but with similar success. "I should, perhaps," says Mr. Sanford, candidly, "have accepted this last judgment as final, if the publication of Mr. Forster's 'Historical Essays' in the present year had not called my attention to the fact, that I had already lost the credit of historical discoveries in which I had anticipated that gentleman by several years; and accordingly considered that, in justice to myself I ought no longer to delay placing before the public some portion of my labours, leaving in their hands the decision of the question whether or not the remainder should follow in due course of time." Hence the publication of this volume, which, commencing with an essay entitled "From Tudor to Stuart," proceeds to glance at the history of Puritanism, and then, after successive sketches of the early lives of Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell, tells the story, civil and military, of the "Great Rebellion," from the meeting of the Long Parliament to the battle of Marston Moor.

We hope that Mr. Sanford will meet with encouragement to proceed, for a work like that which he has planned is wanted, and his execution of it so far is very creditable and promising. After Godwin, Guizot, and Carlyle, not to speak of Mr. Forster's promised reconstruction of his "Statesmen of the Commonwealth," it is "Studies and Illustrations" of the "great rebellion" that are needed, much more than a detailed and connected narrative in the usual style of orthodox history. The parliamentary and party history of the struggle has been told with minute and accurate detail by the diligent Godwin, and Guizot has brought to bear on his narrative the political sagacity derived from a long career of constitutional statesmanship. Yet a portion, if not the whole, of the history of the Long Parliament Mr. Sanford is enabled to illustrate in a new and peculiar way by his access to and familiarity with Sir Simonds D'Ewes' invaluable contemporary jottings. The works of Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Forster, despite the splendid merits of the one and the considerable merits of the other, are after all the biographies of individuals; and in doing justice to these, both were compelled to neglect large tracts of contemporary history and biography well worth study and illustration. Mr. Forster complains of Mr. Carlyle that the latter has dismissed "the Grand Remon-



strance" in a single sentence; and in "the Letters and Speeches of Cromwell," every reader knows, the early history of the Long Parliament is treated merely allusively. Mr. Sanford's comprehensive title and discursive method allow him to omit telling the already-told, and at the same time to illustrate what has been overlooked or slurred by writers restricted to certain sections of, and figures in, those ever-memorable and interesting transactions. From what has been already said, it may be easily supposed that his historical knowledge of the Civil War and Commonwealth is minute and accurate. In tone and temper he is inferior to no writer on the period. His admiration for Cromwell and the Puritans never betrays him into harshness or bitterness towards their antagonists. His style and manner are those of a cultivated, his views and reflections those of a serious and intelligent, English gentleman. New or unfamiliar and interesting excerpts from old books and documents, everywhere and agreeably diversify the march of narrative and disquisition. When completed, as we hope it may be, the work will be a most pleasant adjunct to, and commentary on, all other histories and biographies connected with the period.

The two opening chapters, "From Tudor to Stuart," and "Puritanism, Religious and Social," are excellent in manner and matter. In the former it is shown conclusively, that to the difference between the character and policy of Tudor and Stuart, not to any growing power and consequent impatience of the third estate, is to be ascribed the quarrel between the Crown and the nation which resulted in the execution of Charles I. Striking is the contrast, as shown by Mr. Sanford, between the language of the newly-crowned James, haughtily informing the Commons that they derived all their privileges from him, and that in which the powerful Elizabeth, only sixteen months before her death, replied to the address of the Commons, thanking her for her prudent concession of the abolition of monopolies. Those whose notions of Elizabeth's dealings with her parliaments represent her as standing in the same relation to the House of Commons as does the Emperor of the French to the Corps Législatif, may read with profit her noble and touching speech on that occasion, quoted by Mr. Sanford. "Mr. Speaker, you give me thanks, but, I doubt me, I have more cause to thank you all, than you me; and I charge you to thank them of the House of Commons from me; for had I not received a knowledge from you, I might have fallen into the lap of an error, only for lack of true information." The Tudors, unlike the Stuarts, knew when to yield, and with grace! Nor less necessary for many is the correction which Mr. Sanford administers to the "vulgar error" which confounds Puritanism and its supporters in Church and State with low birth, coarseness of manners, and want of education and taste. Puritanism, like our modern Liberalism, is a comprehensive word. As well might a future historian draw his picture of an English Liberal in the nineteenth century from Mr. Cuffey or the late Mr. Feargus O'Connor, as a living one paint the seventeenth-Puritan a low, ignorant, canting, and greedy fanatic. Indeed, with considerable ingenuity of quotation and argument, Mr. Sanford maintains, not unsuccessfully, that our modern type of an English gentleman must be looked for among the Puritans, not among the Cavaliers. "Habits and tastes which have now descended to the lowest classes were considered by the thorough Cavalier quite as much essential parts of the character of a gentleman as loyalty and reverence for church authority." This, perhaps, is going too far. But, at the same time, the characters of the early Puritan leaders—commoners like Pym and Hampden; peers like Northumberland, Essex, Bedford, and Manchester; added to such portraiture as that of the cultivated and accomplished Colonel Hutchinson by his wife—permit Mr. Sanford to ask: "Place an Englishman of acknowledged high principle and good sense, and, at the same time, a social favourite of the present day, among the questions and feelings of the days of Charles I., and would he in any essential point differ from the Eliots and Hampdens of the Puritan party?" Let us quote Mr. Sanford's remarks and most apposite citation on the subject of Puritan costume, the theme of much modern misapprehension:

The point of dress has been a fertile cause of popular derision against the Puritans, and, perhaps, lies at the bottom of a good deal of the ill-favour with which the name has been attended in modern society.

Although, therefore, in itself comparatively unimportant, it may be well to say a few words on this subject. The Puritan costume, though accommodated to his ideas of manly simplicity, and therefore, in comparison with the Cavalier attire, plain and sombre, would be looked upon at present as offending on the side of foppery rather than of Quakerism. In a large proportion of cases (judging from incidental notices, and from the portraits which have come down to us) it would be considered, on the whole, extremely handsome and becoming. The military costume, which inevitably became the prevalent dress of the time, would (in many instances) excite warm admiration, even in those accustomed to the splendid uniforms of our household troops. General Harrison, the regicide, is usually looked upon as a thorough Puritan, and as such is made the subject of a most unwarranted caricature by Scott, in his novel of "Woodstock;" yet the following is a description of his dress, given by the royalist, Sir Thomas Herbert, in attendance on King Charles: "Another troop of horse was in good order drawn up, by which his Majesty passed. It was to bring up the rear. In the head of it was the Captain, gallantly mounted and armed; a velvet montair was on his head, a new buff-coat upon his back, and a crimson silk scarf about his waist, richly fringed; who, as the King passed him by with an easy pace (as delighted to see men well hors'd and arm'd), the Captain gave the King a bow with his head all a-soldade, which his Majesty requited." The original dress of our present "carabineers" (6th Dragoon guards), who are said to have formed Cromwell's body-guard, has been allowed by modern military critics to warrant the praise here awarded to General Harrison and his soldiers.

Worthadding, all these, to the stock of "things not generally known."

We pass by the chapters on the "antecedents and first years of King Charles," and on "the early life of Oliver Cromwell," as less marked by novelty; though, especially in their juxtaposition, affording matter and thought for a striking contrast. The next chapter, entitled "Constitutional Returns to the Long Parliament," though mainly a list of names, is a valuable one to the historical inquirer, supplemented as it is by a classification of the Long Parliament into Roundheads and Cavaliers, with the dates of the expulsion of the latter from the House of Commons. In the subsequent chapters, "Strafford and Pym," "Parliamentary Royalism," and "The Earl of Essex," the story of the Long Parliament is told (up to the battle of Marston Moor), interspersed with lively biographical sketches and notices of the chief actors, and above all illuminated by the new light shed in the MS. diary of the vain and pragmatical, but gossiping and truth-telling, Sir Simonds D'Ewes. It is to this diary, in Mr. Sanford's citations, that we owe clear information respecting the sayings and doings of the Long Parliament at all the earlier and cardinal crises of its career. Strange scenes only known by vague rumours are now faithfully reported—as in the case, for instance, of the discussion respecting young Sir Harry Vane's discovery in his father's cabinet—of the celebrated piece of paper which helped to bring Strafford to the block. To the biography of Cromwell this diary makes some valuable contributions. We see him gradually growing in parliamentary activity and prominence; and, when the civil war breaks out, foremost with practical suggestions, though never an eloquent and argumentative debater of the Pym school. Yet our solitary extract from Mr. Sanford's citations of this curious diary shall refer to a ludicrous rather than to a grave event. Nevertheless, it is instructive enough. What terror must the "King's Majesty" have struck into men's minds, and what courage was needed to resist him, when the shadow of his wrath could cause such a scene as the following in the brave parliament of a brave people. It is but seven days since the execution of Strafford, an event which has not destroyed the fear of Honourable Gentlemen that there is to be a *coup d'état* of some kind or other. On the 10th of May, still mindful of the Gunpowder Treason of thirty-six years ago (and *this* King is thought to be well affected towards the Papists), the Honourable House, on the motion of "Mr. Tomkins," had ordered all cellars and other secret places near the Parliament House to be searched. On the 19th Sir Simonds thus diarises. The bracketed interpolations, we may add, are Mr. Sanford's, not ours.

"There were broken some few lathes in the lowest south window, at the going up of the gallery, which gave a sudden crack, and much affrighted the House. The gentlemen in the gallery most of them ran away into the committee chamber, where they drew their swords. It came by one Mr. Moile, who let a paper fall in the vacant place between the said window and

the said gallery; and he, stooping to take it up, with his weight broke a few lathes, which made a sudden noise, much like the fall of some part of a scaffold. All the gentlemen under the gallery in an amaze leaped down, and some fell one upon another; some ran away out of the house, as my Lord Cranborne [eldest son of Cecil, Earl of Salisbury] and others. The people also running amazed through Westminster Hall, old Sir Robert Mansell drew his sword, and bade them stand like true Englishmen, no man being able to report the cause of their fright; but no man stayed with him. But he advanced alone out of the hall towards the House of Commons, with his sword drawn. Mr. Thomas Earle broke his shin, and Sir Frederick Cornwallis had his hat all dusted with the lime which was scattered with the breach of the lathes. [Probably Sir Frederick was a very particular man about his outward appearance, or this would scarcely have been especially noted.] Mr. John [D'Ewes at first had written simply "Jack," but erases it as unbecoming] Hotham met some of our House running away, and asked the cause; but they not telling it, pursuing their flight, he came to the door to inquire the cause, conceiving that there had been some division in the House concerning the Deans and Chapters. Sir John Wray conceived that there had been some treason against us. Sir Edward Rodney had a fall. After a little confusion in the House, the Speaker, standing up a good while, did first spy the error before any other that stood at the upper end of the House where I was, near my constant place, being there." . . . . When silence was restored (adds Mr. Sanford), Denzil Holles rose and expressed his sorrow at this disorder upon such a frivolous mistake, which he feared would be a great scandal to the honour and dignity of the House.

In these days of the Camden and other such societies, why is not Sir Simonds' unique MS. duly printed and edited?

Our space bids us hurry on. We must not linger over the chapter devoted to Marston Moor, save to say that it is the result of extensive study and comparison of the various accounts of the battle, aided by personal scrutiny of the localities. No modern or ancient narrative of the famed struggle is to be named in the same breath with this of Mr. Sanford's. The ensuing and concluding chapter is an omnium-gatherum of "Cavalier and Roundhead letters," which will escape neglect, inasmuch as it contains a letter of Cromwell's (from a pamphlet in Lincoln College Library, Oxford), "never," says Mr. Sanford, "reprinted or seemingly known in modern times." Written to a member of the House of Commons, in July 1645, after the defeat of Goring's army at Langport, it has one truly Cromwellian passage, interesting in several respects, and specially for the reminiscence of Naseby. After a description of the affair of Langport, Cromwell proceeds:

Thus you see what the Lord hath wrought for us. Can any creature ascribe anything to itself? Now can we give all the glory to God, and desire all may do so; for it is all due unto Him. Thus you have *Long Sutton* mercy added to *Naseby* mercy. And to see this, is it not to see the face of God? You have heard of *Naseby*; it was a happy victory. As in this, so in that, God was pleased to use his servants, and if men will be malicious and swell with envy, we know who hath said: "If they will not see, yet they shall see and be ashamed for their envy at his people." I can say this of *Naseby*, that when I saw the enemy draw up, and march in gallant order toward us, and we a company of poor ignorant men, to seek how to order our battle, the General having commanded me to order all the horse, I could not (riding alone about my business) but smile out to God in praises, in assurance of victory, because God would, by things that are not, bring to nought things that are, of which I had great assurance, and God did it. Oh that men would therefore praise the Lord and declare the wonders that He doth for the children of men.

This picture, painted by himself, of Cromwell at Naseby, going forth to marshal his cavalry "smiling out to God," is one which we would not willingly have missed.

#### HORSE TAMING.

*The Modern Art of Taming Wild Horses.* By J. S. RAREY, the Horse Tamer. London: G. Routledge and Co.

*The Art of Taming Horses, by J. S. Rarey. A New Edition, Revised, with important Additions and Illustrations, including Chapters on "Riding and Hunting, for the Invalid and Timid."* By the Secretary of the First Subscription of Five Thousand Guineas. London: Routledge and Co.

INSTEAD of feeling astonishment at the control which man exercises over the lower animals, it is rather a matter for surprise that after so many centuries of opportunity so little progress has

been made towards bringing about a better understanding with the brute creation. Hunters have, indeed, arrived at some proficiency with regard to the habits and instincts of the creatures which they pursue for destruction; but mankind in general have made very few and very feeble efforts to render available those mental, we may almost call them humanising qualities which those more familiar companions of the race of Adam, the horse and the dog, undoubtedly possess. Metaphysicians are undecided as to the knotty question where instinct ends and where reason begins; but we cannot help thinking that the man must be blinded either by the densest ignorance or the most impenetrable prejudice, who denies to these faithful and useful servants mental qualities which are so near akin to the memory, the fear, and the affection of the human mind, that it is impossible to draw any satisfactory distinction between them.

We are aware that it is unfortunately the case that the management of that noble animal, the horse, is not uncommonly entrusted to men who are very coarse and brutal in their natures. It has been observed by a modern satirist that there must be something in the nature of the horse which has an irresistible tendency to degrade mankind, because a fondness for the pursuits in which he is used usually results in mental and moral deterioration. Here, however, a coincidence is mistaken for a cause. It is undoubtedly but too true that a large number of brutal and degraded persons convert the horse into the implement of a low species of gambling and trickery; yet, on the other hand, how many refined and cultivated gentlemen, and ladies too, take a pleasure in the nobler uses to which the horse can be put, and justly pride themselves upon the grace and skill with which they can control his movements, and with gentle firmness curb his fiery spirits. Of all the exercises which the human body can take, none is more invigorating and beneficial than riding upon the horse. It braces the nerves, gives strength, courage, and confidence to the rider; and by the dominance which he acquires over that glorious creature whose perfections awakened the enthusiasm of a Hebrew poet three thousand years ago, man is reminded in the most agreeable manner of the supremacy over the animals with which the Almighty has endowed him. How deeply to be deplored is it then, that the education or training of the horse is so often entrusted to men who have neither the brains to understand him, nor the feeling to appreciate his good qualities! How grievous is it to see him abused, bullied, tortured, and misunderstood, by one who has sometimes more of the brute than the animal he is tormenting.

It is very natural that, among those who have devoted themselves to the training of horses, some should have acquired a better knowledge of their nature than others—should have so familiarised themselves with the instincts and habits of the animal as to gain a mastery which, to those who do not know the process whereby that understanding has been brought about, appears little else than miraculous. Animals are quick to perceive who are their best friends, and who are likely to understand them most readily. A dog will take a liking or a dislike to a man at first sight; and some horses will approach a stranger at call, who will fly from another with every symptom of aversion and alarm. The strangest thing about this is, that the feeling appears to be universal among the species. A man for whom many dogs or horses have shown a fondness will be generally well received among them; and the Scotch, perceiving this fact, have proverbially declared that "they are na cannie whom dogs and bairns don't like." But owing to this natural affection, and partly to the better comprehension of animal nature to which they arrive, it is certain that some men have an unusual faculty of taming and controlling animals. We do not know whether Alexander possessed any secret in horse-taming, which enabled him to mount and control the intractable Bucephalus; but there can be no doubt that the skill with which he tamed an animal which no one else could mount proved that he had no ordinary powers as a trainer. Knowledge of horses, and indeed good horsemanship, has not, however, been an invariable accomplishment with great soldiers. Napoleon Bonaparte, if report be no liar, was far from being a good or confident horseman, and would ride none but horses that had been most carefully broken in. The picture which represents him upon a high-mettled horse, rearing upon a

precipice at the summit of the Alps, whilst storms and thunders play around his undaunted brow, is therefore a mere painter's license.

Hitherto, the science of breaking-in horses for riding or driving has been in a very unsettled state, the *modus operandi* varying according to the practice of the particular trainer or the use to which the horse is to be put. When a colt is intended for the plough, the farmer, perhaps, hands him over to some carter, whose sole notion of horse-breaking consists in flogging the poor animal into a state of either madness or subordination. The ideas of many trainers do not extend beyond the system adopted upon Hampstead Heath with an inferior bearer of burthen—a prod behind to urge forwards, and a carrot before to tempt onwards. Even among those who profess to conduct the process in a more scientific manner, the operation of longeing is effected in a manner more nearly resembling the lasso practice of the Guachos than the proper mode of treatment for a thorough-bred horse. And here we come to the great merit of Mr. Rarey and his system—that he has introduced a method which will render the science more uniform for the future. It is not that he has introduced anything particularly new—for almost everything that he does has been done before; but he has reduced what was before vague and uncertain into a perfect system, and has brought that into law and rule which previously was only empirical. Let it be observed that we are not now speaking of Mr. Rarey with reference to his conduct about the secret and the ten-guinea subscriptions; we shall have a word or two to offer upon that subject. For the present, we shall attempt a brief description of the mode of horse taming which Mr. Rarey has practised so successfully upon the wildest and most intractable animals that could be procured.

Before doing this, however, it may be as well to give some account of who and what Mr. Rarey is. He is, or rather was, a farmer, from Ohio, in the United States, who has for some years past acquired a reputation in those parts for great skill in taming horses—a skill which he was then willing to impart (as one of these volumes informs us) not in consideration of ten guineas, but of "a few dollars." At first he practised the old rough riding system, and broke many bones in that course; until, having collected a great deal of evidence from wandering horsemen and circus trainers, he altered his plan and gradually perfected the system which he now applies with such safety and success. This fact about the circus trainers is not unimportant; because there can be no doubt that, although very partially used, Mr. Rarey's method of strapping up the fore leg in order to make a horse lie down has been known to and practised by such people for many years, and has been regarded as one of the great secrets of their art. The manner in which he was induced to abandon the occupation of a farmer for that of a professional trainer is thus described by "The Secretary to the first Subscription of Five Thousand Guineas":

In the course of his travels as a teacher of horse taming he met with Mr. Goodenough, a sharp, hard-fisted New Englander, of the true "Yankee" breed, so well described by Sam Slick, settled in the city of Toronto, Canada, as a general dealer.—In fact, a "sort of Barnum." Mr. Goodenough saw that there was money to be made out of the Rarey system—formed a partnership with the Ohio farmer—conducted him to Canada—obtained an opportunity of exhibiting his talents before Major Robertson, Aide-de-camp to General Sir William Eyre, K.C.B., Commander of the Forces, and, through the Major, before Sir William himself, who is (as I can say from having seen him with bounds) an accomplished horseman and enthusiastic fox-hunter. From these high authorities the partners obtained letters of introduction to the Horse Guards in England, and to several gentlemen attached to the Court; in one of the letters of introduction General Eyre said, "that the system was new to him, and valuable for military purposes." On arriving in England, Mr. Rarey made known his system, and was fortunate enough to convert and obtain the active assistance of Sir Richard Airey, Quartermaster-General, Lord Alfred Paget, and Colonel Hood, the two first being noted for their skill as horsemen, and the two latter being attached to the Court.

After his arrival in England, Mr. Rarey's career has been public enough. With characteristic 'cuteness, he first obtained the *cachet* of Court patronage, and then enlisted in his cause the services of those famous horse dealers, the Messrs. Tattersall. A high price was put upon the secret, which was of itself enough to attract every one who was fortunate enough to be able to throw

away ten guineas; and to be the possessor of the great Rarey secret became a sort of Shibboleth in fashionable society. In one respect the mystery differed from that of the Freemasons, for ladies were admitted at half-price; and, considering that fact, it is certainly not a little strange that the real nature of the whole business should have oozed out so slowly. By-and-by, however, light appeared. Some correspondents of *The Field* (now the leading organ of the sporting world), who had never taken lessons of Mr. Rarey, began to describe a method of taming which, it was confidently predicted, must be the identical system which the American adopted. Then came the "little pamphlet" which Mr. Rarey had given to his Ohio and Texan subscribers, fully confirming in every respect the predictions of the writers to *The Field*. Then came Mr. Rarey's absolute to his subscribers from the bond of secrecy—not, however, before he had netted some 25,000*l*. Now comes a fuller edition of the "little pamphlet," with amplifications and illustrations, by "The Secretary of the First Five Thousand;" and, lo! the whole mystery is out.

And what is this mystery? Listen, ye kid-gloved exquisites, and scarcely more feminine Amazons, who expected, by payment of your guineas, to be converted into very Carters and Van Amburghs, able to quell the riot of any number of Cruisers—listen to the feat which you are required to perform, before you can reduce the intractable monster to your feet. You must

Take up one fore-foot and bend his knee till his hoof is bottom upwards, and nearly touching his body; then slip a loop over his knee, and up until it comes above the pastern-joint, to keep it up, being careful to draw the loop together between the hoof and pastern-joint with a second strap of some kind to prevent the loop from slipping down and coming off. This will leave the horse standing on three legs; you can now handle him as you wish, for it is utterly impossible for him to kick in this position. There is something in this operation of taking up one foot, that conquers a horse quicker and better than anything else you can do to him. There is no process in the world equal to it to break a kicking horse, for several reasons. First, there is a principle of this kind in the nature of the horse, that by conquering one member, you conquer, to a great extent, the whole horse.

To persons of timid dispositions, this recommendation to take up the fore-foot of a vicious horse will prove about as useful as a recipe for taming a lion, commencing with "Pull his tail as hard as you can, and then cut off his whiskers." Mr. Rarey, however, proceeds to show that this seemingly dangerous feat may be readily enough performed with patience, gentleness, and perseverance. Horses are really very seldom savage; their violence generally arises from fear and mistrust of your intentions. Once convince a horse that you do not intend to hurt him, and he will be quiet enough. The great difficulty is to do this with ease and certainty. Mr. Rarey proceeds in the following manner:

Then, in order to take horses as we find them, of all kinds, and to train them to our liking, we should always take with us, when we go into a stable to train a colt, a long switch whip (whalebone buggy-whips are the best), with a good silk cracker, so as to cut keenly and make a sharp report. This, if handled with dexterity, and rightly applied, accompanied with a sharp, fierce word, will be sufficient to enliven the spirits of any horse. With this whip in your right hand, with the lash pointing backward, enter the stable alone. It is a great disadvantage, in training a horse, to have any one in the stable with you; you should be entirely alone, so as to have nothing but yourself to attract his attention. If he is wild, you will soon see him on the opposite side of the stable from you; and now is the time to use a little judgment. . . . When you have entered the stable, stand still, and let your horse look at you a minute or two, and as soon as he is settled in one place, approach him slowly, with both arms stationary, your right hand hanging by your side, holding the whip as directed, and the left bent at the elbow, with your hand projecting. As you approach him, go not too much towards his head or croup, so as not to make him move either forward or backward, thus keeping your horse stationary; if he does move a little either forward or backward, step a little to the right or left very cautiously; this will keep him in one place. As you get very near him, draw a little to his shoulder, and stop a few seconds. If you are in his reach, he will turn his head and smell your hand, not that he has any preference for your hand, but because that is projecting, and is the nearest portion of your body to the horse. This all colts will do, and they will smell your naked hand just as quickly as they will of anything that you can put in it, and with just as good



an effect, however much some men have preached the doctrine of taming horses by giving them the scent of articles from the hand. I have already proved that to be a mistake. As soon as he touches your hand with his nose, caress him as before directed, always using a very light, soft hand, merely touching the horse, always rubbing the way the hair lies, so that your hand will pass along as smoothly as possible. As you stand by his side, you may find it more convenient to rub his neck or the side of his head, which will answer the same purpose as rubbing his forehead. Favour every inclination of the horse to smell or touch you with his nose. *Always follow each touch or communication of this kind with the most tender and affectionate caresses, accompanied with a kind look and pleasant word of some sort, such as, "Ho! my little boy—ho! my little boy!" "Pretty boy!" "Nice lady!" or something of that kind, constantly repeating the same words, with the same kind, steady tone of voice; for the horse soon learns to read the expression of the face and voice, and will know as well when fear, love, or anger prevails, as you know your own feelings; two of which, fear and anger, a good horseman should never feel.*

But when your horse proves a little mulish or stubborn, he may require a sharper and more summary mode of treatment.

If your horse, instead of being wild, seems to be of a stubborn or mulish disposition; if he lays back his ears as you approach him, or turns his heels to kick you, he has not that regard or fear of man that he should have, to enable you to handle him quickly and easily; and it might be well to give him a few sharp cuts with the whip about the legs, pretty close to the body. It will crack keenly as it plies around his legs, and the crack of the whip will affect him as much as the stroke; besides, one sharp cut about his legs will affect him more than two or three over his back, the skin on the inner part of his legs or about his flank being thinner, more tender, than on his back. But do not whip him much—just enough to frighten him; it is not because we want to hurt the horse that we whip him—we only do it to frighten vice and stubbornness out of him. But whatever you do, do quickly, sharply, and with a good deal of fire, but always without anger. If you are going to frighten him at all, you must do it at once. Never go into a pitched battle with your horse, and whip him until he is mad and will fight you; it would be better not to touch him at all, for you will establish, instead of fear and respect, feelings of resentment, hatred, and ill-will. It will do him no good, but harm, to strike him unless you can frighten him; but if you can succeed in frightening him, you can whip him without making him mad; for fear and anger never exist together in the horse, and as soon as one is visible you will find that the other has disappeared. As soon as you have frightened him, so that he will stand up straight and pay some attention to you, approach him again, and caress him a good deal more than you whipped him: thus you will excite the two controlling passions of his nature, love and fear; he will love and fear you too, and, as soon as he learns what you require, will obey quickly.

The putting on of the strap is not always to be accomplished without danger.

In approaching a spiteful stallion you had better make your first acquaintance with a half-don between you and him, as Mr. Rarey did in his first interview with Cruiser; gradually make his acquaintance, and teach him that you do not care for his open mouth; but a regular biter must be gagged in the manner which will presently be described. Of course there is no difficulty in handling the leg of a quiet horse or colt, and by constantly working from the neck down to the fetlock you may do what you please. But many horses and even colts have a most dangerous trick of striking out with their fore-legs. There is no better protection against this than a cart-wheel. The wheel may either be used loose, or the animal may be led up to a cart loaded with hay, when the horse-tamer can work under the cart through one of the wheels, while the colt is nibbling the load.

Having got the strap fairly fixed, the process thus proceeds:

The near fore-leg being securely strapped, and the horse, if so inclined, secured from biting by a wooden bit, the next step is to make him hop about on three legs. This is comparatively easy if the animal has been taught to lead, but it is difficult with one which has not. The trainer must take care to keep behind his horse's shoulder, and walk in a circle, or he will be likely to be struck by the horse's head or strapped-up leg. . . . When the horse has hopped for as long as you think necessary to tire him, buckle a common single strap roller or surcingle on his body tolerably tight. A single strap surcingle is the best. It is as well, if possible, to teach colts from a very early age to bear a surcingle. At any rate, it will require a little management the first time. You have now advanced your colt so far that he is not afraid of a man, he likes being patted and caressed, he will lead when you take hold of the bridle, and you have buckled up his leg so that he cannot hop faster than you can run. Shorten the bridle, which should be a thick plain snaffle, so that the reins, when laid loose on

his withers, come nearly straight. This is best done by twisting the reins twice round two fore-fingers and passing the ends through in a loop, because this knot can be easily untied. Next take strap No. 2, and, making a loop, put it round the off fore leg. With a very quiet horse this can easily be done; with a wild or vicious horse you may have to make him step into it; at any rate, when once the off fore leg is caught in the noose it must be drawn tight round the pastern-joint. Then put a stout glove or mitten on your right hand, having taken care that your nails have been cut short, pass the strap through the belly part of the surcingle, take a firm short hold of it with your gloved right hand, standing close to the horse behind his shoulders, and with your left hand take hold of the near rein; by pulling the horse gently to the near side, he will be almost sure to hop; if he will not, he must be led, but Mr. Rarey always makes him hop alone. The moment he lifts up his off fore foot you must draw up strap No. 2 tightly and steadily. The motion will draw up the off leg into the same position as the near leg, and the horse will go down on his knees. Your object is to hold the strap so firmly that he will not be able to stretch his foot out again. Those who are very confident in their skill are content to hold the strap only with a twist round their hand, but others take the opportunity of the horse's first surprise to give the strap a double turn round the surcingle.

As soon as a horse recovers from his astonishment at being brought to his knees, he begins to resist; that is, he rears up on his hind legs, and springs about in a manner that is truly alarming for the spectators to behold, and which in the case of a well-bred horse in good condition requires a certain degree of activity in the trainer. You must remember that your business is not to set your strength against the horse's strength, but merely to follow him about, holding the strap just tight enough to prevent him from putting out his off fore leg. As long as you keep close to him and behind his shoulders you are in very little danger. The bridle in the left hand must be used like steering lines; by pulling to the right or left as occasion requires, the horse, turning on his hind legs, may be guided just as a boat is steered by the rudder lines; or pulling straight, the horse may be fatigued by being forced to walk backwards. The strap passing through the surcingle keeps, or ought to keep, the trainer in his right place—he is not to pull or in any way fatigue himself more than he can help, but, standing upright, simply follow the horse about, guiding him with the bridle away from the walls of the training school when needful. It must be admitted that to do this well requires considerable nerve, coolness, patience, and at times agility; for although a grass-fed colt will soon give in, a corn-fed colt, and above all a high-couraged hunter in condition, will make a very stout fight; and I have known one instance in which a horse with both fore-legs fast has jumped sideways. . . . Usually at the end of eight minutes' violent struggles, the animal sinks forward on his knees, sweating profusely, with heaving flanks and shaking tail, as if at the end of a thirty minutes' burst with foxhounds over a stiff country. Then is the time to get him into a comfortable position for lying down; if he is still stout, he may be forced by the bit to walk backwards. Then, too, by pushing gently at his shoulder, or by pulling steadily the off rein, you can get him to fall, in the one case on the near side, on the other on the off side; but this assistance should be so slight that the horse must not be able to resist it. The horse will often make a final spring when you think he is quite beaten; but, at any rate, at length he slides over, and lies down, panting and exhausted, on his side. If he is full of corn and well bred, take advantage of the moment to tie up the off fore leg to the surcingle, as securely as the other, in a slip loop knot.

When the horse lies down for the second or third time thoroughly beaten, the time has arrived for teaching him a few more of the practical parts of horse training. When you have done all you desire to the horse tied up—smoothed his ears if fidgety about the ears, the hind legs if a kicker—shown him a saddle, and allowed him to smell it, and then placed it on his back—mounted him yourself, and pulled him all over—take off all the straps. In moving round him for the purpose of gentling him, walk slowly always from the head round the tail, and again to the head; scrape the sweat off him with a scraper; rub him down with a wisp; smooth the hair of his legs; and draw the fore one straight out. If he has fought hard, he will lie like a dead horse, and scarcely stir. You must now again go over him as conscientiously as if you were a mesmeric doctor or shampooer; every limb must be "gentled," to use Mr. Rarey's expressive phrase; and with that operation you have completed your first and most important lesson.

This then is the whole process of horse taming as taught by Mr. Rarey—an excellent, humane, and reasonable system undoubtedly, founded on a knowledge of the character of the animal, and tempered with judgment and prudence throughout.

We must confess, however, that we do not anticipate that much benefit will accrue to the amateur pupils of Mr. Rarey from the lessons they have taken. It is obvious that the feats

above described require strength, courage, address, and an intimate knowledge of horses. Even Mr. Rarey himself, with all his qualities and all his experience, has been in danger of his life from a vicious horse since he visited this country, merely through neglecting to put on the wooden gag. The brute seized the trainer by the shoulder, and but for the timely aid of a bystander there would have been an end of Mr. Rarey, if not of his system. It may be convenient, for advertising purposes, to talk of the success with which beautiful countesses have tamed savage horses. No well-authenticated instance of such a feat has yet been proved; and, until there is, we shall hesitate to believe that Mr. Rarey's system is of any lasting value to any but a practical horse trainer.

As for the secret, and the very large subscription, we cannot think that either Mr. Rarey or the persons who assisted him in organising the matter are altogether spotless. The fact is, there was no secret to sell. The method is only a modification of one previously known; and so far as Mr. Rarey's own improvements were concerned, he had already made them public by describing them in a six-penny volume, and selling them in Ohio and Texas to the first comer for a few dollars. The whole business over here, the puffing, the advertising, the rejection of professional trainers (who would, of course, know too much), the use made of the credit of the first horse-dealing firm in the country, the oath of secrecy and the bond—all this savours too much of the catchpenny to be strictly unimpeachable. We do not grudge Mr. Rarey his 25,000*l.*, for we believe that he has done excellent service to the horse interests of this country; but we could have wished that the sum had reached him in some more legitimate manner.

#### LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF SCOTLAND.

*Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses connected with the Royal Succession of Great Britain.* By AGNES STRICKLAND. Vol. VII. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons.

In this volume Miss Strickland brings her interesting life of Mary Stuart to a close, the period comprised extending from the captivity of the Queen of Scots at Wingfield Manor House, under the keeping of the old money-loving Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury, to her death. This half of her story is necessarily less stirring and romantic than the first. For the life of the French Court, the wild scenes of love, murder, and battle which mark the eventful history of her girlhood, we have here only the endless intrigues of her partisans to rescue her from the hands of her wily cousin and rival, and their disastrous end. It is, however, only by such a comparison that the interest can be said to flag. Thrice told in every form by English and Continental historians, novelists, dramatists, poets, the story of Mary Stuart has lost nothing—can lose nothing—of its attractiveness. The dark suspicions which hang over her name, never to be wholly cleared, yet never perhaps to be so well justified that partisans may not still maintain her innocence; her life ended at forty-five, yet in its sorrows and its eventfulness so long; her beauty and intelligence, which the portraits and the testimony of so many witnesses have confirmed—render her, perhaps, the most interesting of all the women of history. "We found her in her answers," said Scrope and Knollys, after visiting her when she first sought refuge in England, "to have an eloquent tongue and a discreet head." Divested by Miss Strickland of their barbarous old Scottish dialect and their scarcely less uncouth old French, nothing can be more delightful than her letters, nothing more tender, delicate, and graceful. It is hard, indeed, to read them and think all the evil of her which cool-headed historians have not scrupled to indorse; still harder is it to find in the clear, open, and beautiful countenance of her portraits a hint of deeds so black. The gallantry and imagination of male writers might well find the task of condemnation difficult; lady writers, who are not preternaturally hard-minded, will, we suppose, always maintain her purity and goodness.

Readers of Miss Strickland's previous volume know that she is no timid advocate of her heroine's case. Her enemies were all base, dark, designing, treacherous; the Scottish Queen stainless, in spite of their calumny and wickedness. The two great points, of course, upon which controversy will never cease to rage, are the

murder of Darnley and her marriage with Bothwell. Nobody now doubts that Bothwell was the real murderer of Mary's unfortunate husband. Even at that time, and notwithstanding his mock trial, few doubted it; but whether doubted or not, the belief was far too general to make a marriage with Bothwell decent. In answer to this it is maintained that the show of violence made by Bothwell was genuine, and that Mary never freely consented to the union. Such, in fact, is the first head of Miss Strickland's defence, in which there is nothing novel; but, looking no further than this, there are facts lying on the surface which must ever make the conduct of Mary more than suspicious. There is, to begin with, the undoubted fact that she had been long disgusted with her husband, and estranged from him; that he had been so firmly persuaded of her passion for intrigue as to murder David Rizzio, her reputed lover, in her presence; and that Bothwell became soon afterwards her acknowledged favourite, wielding through her, in fact, the whole power which Darnley had wielded in his happier days. The minds of the vulgar, for whose beliefs Miss Strickland has so great a contempt, could not fail to connect these things. Had the scheme succeeded, they could not doubt that she would, after awhile, have quietly acquiesced in her new marriage, and openly shared her throne with Bothwell. The tale was dark and terrible; but the times were other than those in which we live. Notions of irresponsibility and divine right, maxims of state craft filled with devilish casuistry, were rife in the brains of kings, queens, and statesmen, and were hardly doubted to be justifiable or necessary. Instances might be found by scores of the union of beauty and intellectual accomplishments with infernal wickedness. The school in which Mary had been bred was a bad one—the French court and its guilty pleasures being a favourite theme with those old pious and bloodthirsty opponents of Mary, the Scottish reformed preachers of the school of Knox. They believed her to be no whit better than her damnable Popish friends, the bitter enemies of her native land, to whom she cried aloud for assistance in her long adversity. And there is no reason to believe that Murray (or Moray, according to our authoress's orthography) and the large party which he represented were insincere in directly charging her with complicity in Darnley's violent end. Lastly come the disputed letters—the amatory correspondence between Mary and Bothwell in her husband's lifetime—the tender billets and the loving ballads in the "silver casket," which, if genuine, must be fatal to the theory of Mary's innocence. Miss Strickland disposes of these after the fashion of the biographers on her side. She pronounces them forgeries. Murray was in fact, according to her, a wholesale dealer in such spurious documents:

The draughts (she says) on which Moray exercised his inventive talents after the breaking up of the convention of Perth, were the fabrication of posthumous confessions of Nicholas Hubert, *alias* French Paris, for the purpose of endeavouring to substantiate the calumnious charges against Queen Mary, and to authenticate the silver-casket letters after he had hanged that wretched foreigner without a trial, and, under a frivolous accusation of necromancy, burned the Lord Lion, Sir William Stuart, to prevent the disclosure of the revelations made by Hubert to him on the subject of Darnley's murder, during their voyage from Norway. These double executions, to which allusion has been made in the previous volume, were perpetrated at St. Andrew's, on the 15th and 16th of August this year; and it now becomes necessary to call attention to the following important facts in reference to the circumstances under which these alleged revelations of that wretched foreigner were produced. Moray had held the person of Nicholas Hubert in solitary confinement ever since February 1567-8, without so much as making the slightest allusion to him at the conferences at York and Westminster, when it behoved him to bring forward every possible proof that the silver-casket letters were written by Queen Mary, and sent by her to Bothwell; and as Nicholas Hubert was alleged, in his so-called confession, to have been the bearer of several of these letters, he would of course have been brought forward to depose on oath that he did so, and also to corroborate the accusations of the Queen's complicity in her husband's murder; but no allusion was made to the existence of so notable a witness by him or any other of the usurping faction. Hubert was alive, and capable of bearing testimony, when Mary's envoy, Lord Boyd, demanded, in the name of his royal mistress, a commission to be appointed by her nobles to inquire into the validity of her marriage with Bothwell, in order to her obtaining a release from that illegal and abhorrent wedlock.

Now, it must be evident that if he (Hubert) were able to depose to a guilty and indecorous correspondence between the Queen and Bothwell, and to prove that her abduction was collusive, Moray would not have lost the opportunity of bringing such evidence of her infamy before the convention of nobles then assembled at Perth, on the 25th of July. Instead of doing this, he removed Hubert from Edinburgh Castle to his own private residence at St. Andrew's, where he was entirely at his mercy, and, within three weeks after the breaking-up of the convention at Perth, sent him to the gallows without any public process; but after his execution, August 15, 1569, put forth the suspicious documents described as "The Confessions of Nicholas Hubert, called French Paris." The Countess of Lennox and Queen Elizabeth both wrote to Moray, earnestly entreating him to suspend the execution of this notable prisoner, and send him to England. So eager, indeed, was Elizabeth to see and confer with him, that she sent three special messengers, one after the other, with her orders to Moray for that purpose. He wrote a reverential reply, expressing his regret that the execution was over before her Majesty's letters arrived; "but I trust," he shrewdly added, "his testimony, left, shall be found so authentic as the credit thereof shall not seem doubtful, neither to your Highness, neither to them who by nature has the greatest cause to desire condign punishment for the said murder," meaning the Earl and Countess of Lennox. But the fabrication was too coarse to impose on Elizabeth, acceptable though its purport was to her. She demanded, as well she might, a legal verification of documents containing statements so extravagantly opposed to probability.

Little harm can be done by such partisanship as Miss Strickland exhibits on these points. Most readers know the assertions and the arguments that have been, and ever will be, employed on both sides; Chalmers and Lingard are well counterbalanced by Laing, Hume, Sharon Turner, Hallam, and Mignet; but the historical reputation of our authoress demanded a more impartial statement. Murray's delay—the chief point in her argument—is well explained by facts beyond dispute. He was anxious to prevent the reinstatement of Mary and her party; but he was undoubtedly unwilling to load her with such infamy, just or unjust, as the letters, if accepted, would bring upon her. The proofs of this are numerous. He sent to her again and again to beg that she would accept the alternative of abdication, which, indeed, she had at one time resolved on. When Lethington, who was equally anxious to prevent exposure, sent her copies of the letters which Murray threatened to produce, she only entreated him "to stay the rigorous accusations of Murray." She was certainly much slower than her biographical admirers in disputing their authenticity. Forgery was indeed in that time common enough, and one of the acknowledged weapons of the canters about "state necessity." Murray himself had been the victim of such devices—as when his own signature was forged by Kirkaldy of Grange. A signature, however, is more easily counterfeited than a collection of amatory "letters and wrytyngs" and "fond ballads;" and in the Journals of the Lords of the Privy Council it was recorded that "sundry" of these, "being read, were duly conferred and compared for the manner of writing and fashion of orthography with sundry other letters long since heretofore written and sent by the said Queen of Scots to the Queen's Majesty; in collation whereof no difference was found." Elizabeth's demand for the production of these letters and the verification of Hubert's confession was natural enough, and by no means implied a doubt of their genuineness. She was, in fact, far more anxious than Murray for such open proofs of her rival's guilt as would justify or excuse her detention. The part of Murray was one of great difficulty. As the half-brother of Mary, and the guardian of her son, he could hardly be expected to desire her destruction so ardently as the fierce Elizabeth, whose throne Mary in her prosperous days had openly aspired to win by establishing her cousin's illegitimacy.

It is curious to compare Miss Strickland's estimate of Murray with that of Mignet, who acknowledges in him "great qualities, a valiant heart, a lofty and determined mind, an energetic character," and even "an honest and stern disposition." In Miss Strickland's picture there is absolutely no shade. She will not even admit the genuineness of portraits that do not represent him "with thin lips twisted into a deceitful smile"—forgetting that the smile is always the artist's compliment, and is at least intended to be flattering.

The person of the Regent Moray (she says) has been as much mistaken in modern times as his character. The engravings that have been published as

his portrait by Lodge, McCrie, and others, are erroneous, having in reality been taken from that of King James VI. The only authentic portrait of the Regent Moray in existence is in the collection of his descendant and representative, the present Earl of Moray, at Donibristle House, where it was discovered a few years ago with that of his Countess, concealed behind a panel. Moray is there represented as handsome, but with a sinister expression of countenance, bearing in features and complexion a decided resemblance to his great-uncle Henry VIII. His hair is light red, his eyes grey, his nose regularly formed, mouth small, with thin lips twisted into a deceitful smile; the face is very smooth, fair, and of a square contour; in short, a Tudor in all respects, but with the air of a diplomatic priest rather than a soldier.

In so well-gleaned a field, it is not to be expected that Miss Strickland has discovered much that is positively new. The *pièces justificatives* for Mary's life are, in fact, marvellously abundant; but, in addition to the interest which her biographical skill has conferred, she has at least added something to the facts of her story. The State Paper Office has been diligently searched, and private collections have yielded a few documents. The story of Mary's sojourn at Coventry in the custody of Shrewsbury, and her temporary imprisonment at the Black Bull inn there, is new and curious; as are some other episodes in her prison life, which have hitherto escaped biographers. On the subject of Elizabeth's signature to the death-warrant, the biographer, as will appear by the following passage, has come to a new and somewhat startling conclusion:

Although I freely avow that I entertained a different opinion when writing my *Life of Elizabeth*, the duty of an historian compels me to declare that a new and singular light has been thrown on that dark passage—the death of Mary Stuart—by the discovery of a contemporary document, which, if founded on fact, transfers the guilt of that deed entirely to those ministers who, having injured the unfortunate heiress of the crown beyond hope of forgiveness, determined that she should not survive Elizabeth. The document in question is apparently the minute of a Privy Council or Star Chamber investigation, dated 1606, nearly twenty years after Mary's execution, when death had swept all the leading actors in that historical tragedy from the stage. Walsingham, Leicester, Burleigh, Hatton, Paulet, Elizabeth herself, had all gone to their great account, and it is impossible to conceive any motive for fabrication in the matter. It is the deposition, attested by the signatures of two persons of the names of Mayer and Macaw, affirming "that the late Thomas Harrison, a private and confidential secretary of the late Sir Francis Walsingham, added to the letters of the late Queen of Scotland those passages that were afterwards brought in evidence against her, and for which she was condemned to suffer death; that he could forge the hand and signature of every prince in Europe, and had done so often; and that he was employed by his said master, Sir Francis Walsingham, to forge Queen Elizabeth's signature to the death-warrant of the Queen of Scots, which none of her ministers could ever induce her to sign." It is certain that the warrant for Mary's execution remained six weeks in Davison's hands unsigned; and that Elizabeth ever did sign it rests on his unsupported testimony, no witness being present when, according to his statement, she set her hand to that instrument; and in the self-same hour desired him to take measures for having the necessity for using it superseded by Mary's keepers putting her to death. The joint letter, written by him and Walsingham, making the proposition to, and its refusal by, Paulet and Drury, are undeniable.

The question is curious, but is of little importance as regards Elizabeth's share in the matter. If she did not sign, she must have known that a forgery had been committed. Yet, as to forgery at least, she was silent. Moreover, her willingness to send her cousin to the block was, on Miss Strickland's own statement, proved many years before, at the time of the Northern Rebellion, when the warrant for putting her to death without the ceremony of judicial proceedings was prepared by Elizabeth's ministers, and received the royal sanction. In going again through the old story of Mary's long captivity, as related by Miss Strickland, we feel surprise that the vengeance of her fierce enemy—serious as it was to kill a queen—was so long delayed. Forgiveness from such a temper as Elizabeth's was impossible. Mary's offensive assumption of her title, her incessant intrigues with Elizabeth's enemies, foreign and domestic, her concealed betrothal to Norfolk, out of which sickening affair Miss Strickland contrives to build a romance, and the constant irritation among Elizabeth's subjects, maintained for so many years, were each and all sufficient ground for the hatred of her royal cousin.

Miss Strickland announces that her next



volume will contain the lives of Elizabeth Stuart, Queen of Bohemia, and of her daughter Sophia, Electress of Hanover, which will bring this popular series of biographies to a close. This we presume, however, is but a prima donna's last farewell, which does not prevent her appearing again next season. Miss Strickland's *Lives*, though not great historical achievements, are at least as interesting as the greater number of novels. While the public, therefore, will read, and Miss Strickland can write, we hope that she will always be able to find more Queens.

*Poems.* By W. W. STORY. Boston: Little, Brown, and Co.

We wonder whether Mr. Browning's faith in his star faltered when presented by his publisher with the celebrated account acknowledging his indebtedness for the sale of one copy of "Bells and Pomegranates." Discouragement would then have seemed reasonable, and even now the poet's influence has scarcely reached the level either of his deserts or his expectation. Popular, in the ordinary sense of the word, he will never be; but as a silent power among the people, working indirectly on many who have never read him, and would not have understood him if they had, he is likely to exercise a greater authority than many whose sphere of influence would seem at first sight much more extensive. The public receive him at second-hand, and naturally transfer the credit due to him to many a one who, moon-like, shines but with a borrowed light. Fortunately, the same causes which render his audience so "few" prevail to make them at least correspondingly "fit," and the writer's reputation, hidden from the multitude, is safe in the keeping of those to whom he would himself consider it most fitly entrusted.

In America, however, the circle of Mr. Browning's readers is by no means equally select. (It cannot be denied that our Transatlantic cousins surpass us in quickness of apprehension. We can neither boast of having taught them to appreciate Hawthorne, Poe, or Melville, nor deny that Tennyson was a popular poet in the States long ere he had ceased to be the darling of a coterie in England, and that American sagacity, recognising the value of what we might have left buried in obsolete periodicals, presented us with the first editions of our own Wilson, De Quincy, and Martineau. This is due, we apprehend, partly to a natural quickness, which it were vain to deny the Americans; partly to the comparative poverty of their own literature, affording them at once greater leisure for, and greater inducement to, the study of the stranger; partly, again, to the more prosaic reason that, English books being pirated and sold amazingly cheap, their chance of encountering intelligent criticism is increased in proportion to the circle of their readers.)

Mr. Browning's Transatlantic fame, however, rests on a deeper foundation. Did we wish to characterise him by a word, we should call him an *exotic* poet. If he cannot be said to travel out of his way in quest of the strange, it is only because the strange is his native element. It is seldom that so much as the scenery of his writings is English. His personages have swarthy faces, flashing eyes, black locks, and passionate hearts; his landscapes glare with semi-tropical contrasts of colour, his hills are hoary with olives, and his skies blacken with the sirocco. All this is mightily relished in America, where men are tired of the prosaic hurry of their existence, and

The golden land is like a bride  
When first she knows herself forlorn,

for she too takes a pallid tint from the universal languor, and fades beneath the indifference which her beauties fail to stimulate. Used-up society requires something more exciting, and finds it in Italy—and, consequently, in Browning also. Every cis-Alpine hotel-keeper can verify the first part of this statement, and Mr. Story is not a solitary, though possibly an extreme, instance of an American poet spending all his powers in singing a foreign country, and reproducing a foreign poet with the accuracy of a copying press. Perhaps we had better have said a *daguerreotype*, where the feebleness is in proportion to the accuracy of the reflection; or Mr. Story's Brownings may be yet better compared to false coins, which may mock the genuine in ring, in lustre, and even in weight, but never in intrinsic value, or they would be false coins no more. The space between Mr. Browning and his imitator is all that immeasurable one between matter and manner. Nothing, for example, could

better represent the *manner* of Browning than this fragment of an excellent description:

What a sight, Madonna mia! he sees!  
There stretches our great campagna beneath,  
And seems to breathe a rosy breath  
Of light and mist, as in peace it sleeps—  
And summery thunder-clouds of rain,  
With their slanting spears, run over the plain,  
And rush at the ruins, or, routed, fly  
To the mountains that lift their barriers high,  
And stand with their purple pits of shades  
Split by the sharp-edged limestone blades,  
With opaline lights and tender grates  
Of colour, that flicker and swoon and die,  
Built up like a wall against the sky.

But, after all, this is utterly un-Browningian, because utterly undramatic. It is put into the mouth of an old servitor, narrating a story of blood and madness, and who, with such a tale to tell, pauses to rhapsodise about the beauties of skies and hills! The same want of dramatic propriety is observable in other pieces, particularly "In St. Peter's," where a convert, with his Roman baptism still moist upon his brow, is made to talk like a philosopher

Who sits as God, holding no form of creed,  
But contemplating all.

Nor is Mr. Story happier when he apes the "undress, familiar style" of "Bishop Blougram's Apology." In that singular piece Mr. Browning, writing of purpose in a style which neither imaginatively nor metrically much transcends the level of prose, nevertheless preserves the dignity of a poet, simply because, as to a duchess in beggar's raiment, it is natural to him. Mr. Story, however, is plainly much more at home in prose than verse; the unbent bow flies back with a twang, and the poet avails himself of the licence of his easy chair and slippers to regale us with such unexceptionable prose as this:

As historians, too, Micali, Rossi, Botta, and Cantu may surely hold an honourable place, and, in philology, who stand above our Mezzofanti and our learned Mai? But in romance, and poetry, and art, what scores of names! I will not call them o'er, all scholars know them.

To let the reader into a great secret, this is intended for verse, and is printed as such in the original.

Yet Mr. Story might do something if he would. He often shows much pith, concentration, intensity: surely these excellent gifts are to some extent native, and not indissolubly dependent upon the imitation of a foreign model. We can readily understand the fascination which Mr. Browning has exerted upon him; let him but copy with less servility, and he will do so to better purpose. And let him (and the counsel is good for all his countrymen), let him above all things be more national for the future. The most American poem in his volume ("Italy and New England") is incomparably the best. England and America may each spare Italy a poet now and then; but a stranger anxious to study the indigenous Flora of either has some right to complain of being shown into a conservatory.

*Poems.* By WILLIAM TIDD MATSON. London: Groombridge and Sons.

When a man passes from the outer shores of life into the inner circle of meditation—when he resigns for ever the frivolous for the serious, and enters God's holy temple as a minister of the Gospel—we can at once recognise the weight of his responsibilities. Into this state Mr. Matson has passed since we reviewed his first book of poems entitled "A Summer Evening Reverie." It is with pleasure, mingled however with a shadow of regret, that we behold the poet enter upon this new condition. This regret originates in the poet's own confession, for he declares that he shall "neither have time nor opportunity for any substantial poetic achievement," or, in other words, that he will never attempt the construction of a great poem. We must now expect from Mr. Matson only the blossoms of a passing fancy, not the rich fruit of literary experience. This will be a loss, for Mr. Matson has shown pith and power such as few writers exhibit. His youthful poems, written before he had attained his eighteenth year, and now for the first time published, strike us as having individual potency. The first of the series, "Love abounding," has a finish suggestive of Gray, and the sonnets have a boldness and breadth not often found in a form of composition so crabbed and circumscribed. The volume before us comprises the whole of the poems which appeared in "A Summer Evening Reverie," and more than eighty additional ones. It is, therefore, a goodly volume, not only in bulk but in quality. The additions have variety of

thought and manner, and we could present striking examples of the romantic, the lyrical, and the reflective. Our opinion, expressed in a former notice, was, that Mr. Matson's genius should have guided him towards the lyrical; in proof of which we quoted a charming poem, "Little Mary." We are pleased to see that the Chevalier de Chatelain has borne testimony to our opinion by an elegant translation of this little poem into the French language. But it is not through the lyrical only that Mr. Matson has gathered laurels. There is often a grandeur in his themes and his ideas which lies deeper, and, indeed, has a more opulent meaning than that purely musical flow which is the living charm of a lyric.

And now a parting word concerning the significant fact that the poet has been called—so he himself expresses it—"to labour in the Master's vineyard." It is to men with poetic faculty that we must look for a revival of true spiritualism. We know not, and care not to know, to what sect Mr. Matson belongs; but we never yet knew a true poet to whom devotion was not a necessity. The prosaic man sees in the forms of religion a duty, but the poet, even while he denies the duty is the richest adorer of the Invisible. Shelley trampled upon creeds, blasted with the quick lightning of his wrath the very roots of theology, and yet his child-like nature yearned for the Infinite through the medium of human sensibilities.

Conventionality, with its stony brow and frigid heart, sits in the chief places of the sanctuary. What we want is that the preacher should be more of the poet, that his emotion should give warmth and splendour and harmony to that ghastly skeleton which men call "doctrine." Religion is not, and never can be, any other than poetry intensified. Mr. Matson may never give us another book of poems, but he may speak poems, and so speaking consume as with a fire that less than worthless stubble, whose root is fixed in pedantic controversy, and which is to religious life what tares are to the wheat.

*The Patna Crisis; or, Three Months at Patna during the Insurrection of 1857.* By W. TAYLER, late Commissioner of Patna. (London: James Nisbet and Co.)—We do not know that this little volume adds much to the stock of knowledge respecting the Indian mutinies, or that it does much more than change the locality whence the narrator had opportunities of observation. The experience of Europeans within the province of Behar seems to have been nearly identical with those in the kingdom of Oudh. It appears, however, that a difference of opinion has arisen between Mr. Tayler and the authorities at Calcutta as to the manner in which the former executed the duties of his post, and that the result has been that he has been dismissed from that post and degraded in the service. This explains the little volume before us, which is intended as a *piece justificative*. We cannot, of course, pretend to pronounce upon a one-sided statement of the case, but we subjoin such parts of Mr. Tayler's defence as seem material:

And what is the crime of which he stands accused? It must surely be of a strange and unusual character to be compatible with so much wise judgment and vigorous action? His crime is, that at a time when Behar was trembling in the balance between loyalty and rebellion, between order and anarchy, he directed, or suggested, the withdrawal of the civil officers and Christian residents from several out-stations, and the concentration at Patna of the scattered forces. . . . In order to form a fair estimate of the policy, we must consider what those circumstances were at the time of its adoption, and not view it by the light of subsequent events, which the most sanguine could not have anticipated, and which prudence and sagacity could not have counted on. This is not merely our own opinion, but we know it to be the opinion of all upon the spot, and of all elsewhere who are competent to form a judgment upon the matter. It so happened that the order was rendered unnecessary by an event which was little short of a miracle. We refer to Major Eyre's marvellous victory, which excited at the time even as much surprise as satisfaction. There can be no doubt that but for that happy event—had Major Eyre been defeated—Mr. Tayler must have gained the highest commendation for his energy and foresight. For without this precautionary measure, Major Eyre's failure could have had but one effect. Behar must have gone, and all Bengal for a time—who shall say how long?—been lost to our rule. Koor Singh's forces would have effected a junction with the 5th Cavalry, the 32nd N. L., the Ramghur Battalion, and probably the 68th N. L., at Ghazepore. They would have overrun the whole country, and if the contagion of activity had not extended to Barrackpore, the omission might be recorded as one of the most extraordinary events in history. . . . Mr. Tayler is blamed for a measure which has been condemned as too cautious. But will anybody venture to say that this gentleman's previous proceedings were marked by any error of this kind? When boldness was the true policy he was bold, and freely perilled his own life. When he found it necessary to be cautious, his caution was exercised in consideration for the lives of others—his own courage was equally conspicuous. But even if the order was ill-judged, which one will suppose for the sake of argument it was—is it consistent with justice that a single error should be allowed to counterbalance so many services? Is no consideration to be allowed for human imperfection, which even Bengal civilians share with the rest of us. If

the principle is to be enforced that a public servant must never make a mistake, where are our public servants to come from? Who among the number ought not to be turned out of his post long ago? Who is safe in his post at the present time? Where would Mr. Halliday be now, had he been judged by the same standard by which Mr. Tayler has been condemned? Where would Lord Canning himself be, had he been tested in a similar manner? As the *Friend of India* well observed, the question in fact is not whether that particular order was right or wrong, but whether Mr. Tayler, after such eminent services, ought, for one error of judgment, to have been turned out of his appointment.

*Bodily Exercise: the Third of a Series of Plain and Simple Lectures on the Education of Man.* By THOMAS HOPELEY, F.S.L. (London: Houlston and Wright).—There can be no doubt that, in this busy age, we are sadly too apt to neglect that branch of education to which Socrates attached so much weight in the scheme of his Republic—the physical. In our great care and anxiety about the development of the mind we forget that unless the strength of the body is in due proportion, that highest state of human perfection is not to be attained—the sound mind in the sound body. Unless we are tempted to exercise by sport, we neglect it, and those who do so only awaken too late to the consciousness of an enfeebled mind in an enervated body, bitterly to repent their contempt for the wise and unalterable laws of nature. Mr. Hopeley's pamphlet may be read with profit by all. It is a simple, truthful exposition of the laws which regulate human health. "We have learnt," says he, "that two hours is the minimum of time which should be spent daily in the training of the muscles; and that it is more important for the weak to pass a considerable portion of their time in fresh-air relaxation than for the strong; and that during fine weather little children can scarcely be too much occupied in out-of-door amusements, provided sufficient opportunity be allowed for repose and other sanitary matters; and moreover, that foul weather is no adequate excuse for neglecting the laws of life; and therefore, that exercise should be taken in some well-ventilated apartment whenever storm or tempest render it expedient to tarry within doors. It is a great mistake to stay at home on account of mere mists or showers. Even delicate people (if not confirmed invalids) would run little or no risk from going out in wet weather, provided they were always careful to keep up a due warmth—a comfortable glow—in the system by exercise and judicious clothing, and to change their damp clothing immediately on ceasing from active exertion—taking great care to guard against chills. Those who are in the habit of saying they dare not venture out because they are so liable to take cold, would do well to bear in mind that a principal reason why they are so liable to take cold is, because they have not been in the habit of venturing out." Such lessons as these, and others of equal importance with which the pamphlet abounds, cannot be too cogently impressed upon the members of the rising generation, or upon those who have the care of them.

*Caleb Redivivus.* By ALASTOR. London: (Saunders and Oiley).—Continuations to great works are seldom successful, and this is no exception to the rule. Disapproving of the omission of the passion of love from William Godwin's novel "Caleb Williams," "Alastor" has composed this postscript to that remarkable work with the view of "further completing the history of such a nature as Caleb Williams." The form of this addendum is a dream which the author dreams in a sailing boat on the coast of Spain. One of the sailors appears to him in the personality of Caleb Williams, and narrates to him his adventures in Spain, his love for a beautiful girl named Eliza Barca, and how the same proneness to suspicion which led to the destruction of the gifted but homicidal Falkland caused Williams to make shipwreck of his happiness a second time. The style in which this is narrated is a fairly successful imitation of Godwin's; but the work must be regarded rather as a *tour de littérature* than of any real value.

*The Art of Extempore Speaking: Hints for the Senate, the Pulpit, and the Bar.* By M. BAUTAIN, Vicar-General and Professor at the Sorbonne, &c. London: Bosworth and Harrison, 215, Regent-street.—The subject of public speaking has of late forced itself into notice, and any book which professes to enlighten us on the acquirement of this important art deserves attention. The volume before us has been translated from a French work by M. Bautain, who from his position at the Sorbonne ought to be able to afford information on this interesting subject. His first object is to impress upon the student the necessity of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the subject on which he is about to speak; this will give him courage and go a great way towards diminishing that nervous feeling so frequent a cause of failure. He next advises him to listen to good speakers and to endeavour to imitate them, and also to learn by heart the finest passages in great writers, so as to be able to recite them with fluency at moments of leisure—a practice which conduces towards giving facility of expression. The author also devotes some attention to the organs of speech, which are so important an element in the art of speaking. His observations on this point, however, are more general than specific in their character; and the same may be said of the whole work, the tendency of which is to show more what ought to be done than how it is to be done.

*Landscape Photography; or a complete and easy Description of the Manipulations and Apparatus necessary for the production of Landscape Pictures.* By JOACHIM OTTE, F.G.S. (London: Robert Hardwicke.) The object of this neat little manual is to furnish the inexperienced photographer with all the information necessary to enable him to practise in the field. It is very complete, and embraces not only the calotype process, but the collodion, albumen, collodion-albumen, and wax paper processes. Full directions as to printing are also given.

*Photographic Portraits of Living Celebrities.* Executed by MAULL and POLYBLANK. With *Biographical Notices* by E. WALFORD, M.A. (London: Maull and Polyblank).—This series, which was started more than two years back by Messrs. Maull and Polyblank, (aided at first in the biographical department by Mr. Fry, whom, however, they speedily replaced by Mr. Walford, late Scholar of Balliol, and biographer to the *Times*), is still continued with unabated success. The selection of subjects is most happy, for the photographers always take care to choose persons who enjoy a wide-spread popularity. The numbers before us contain portraits and biographies of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Sir Archibald Alison, W. J. Stenhouse Bennett, Esq., Dr. Livingstone, the Earl of Aberdeen, and Daniel MacIse, Esq., R.A. With the first of these our readers are already acquainted, for we took it for the model of the portrait of Mr. Gladstone, issued with the *Critic* of August 7th. The portrait of Sir Archibald Alison is excellent—square, grave, and thoughtful as the original himself. Dr. Bennett looks as if he were about to lead an orchestra, and was casting the final glance to see that all were in readiness. Our print of Dr. Livingstone's portrait is a little faded, and the pose acquires rather an ungraceful effect from the forward position of the legs, and the consequent exaggeration of focus. The portrait of Lord Aberdeen is as hard, as grim, and as stolid as the most enthusiastic admirers of that statesman could desire; whilst the graceful, easy position of MacIse, his fine manly face and noble brow, comes pleasantly after the not very artistic features of his celebrated companions. Mr. Walford's biographies are invariably accurate, and executed with much literary grace. Altogether the series affords as beautiful and useful an ornament to the drawing-room table as could be imagined.

*Life beneath the Waters; or the Aquarium in America. Illustrated by Plates and Woodcuts drawn from Life.* By ARTHUR M. EDWARDS. (New York, London, and Paris: Baillière.)—This is a most beautiful and useful contribution to the literature of the aquarium—already a very formidable branch of the scientific library—and its advent will be hailed by admirers of the mollusks and zoophytes in this country, because it introduces them to "fresh fields and pastures new" in connection with their favourite pursuits. Mr. Edwards enters into the subject *con amore*, with all the zeal of a scientific enthusiast. His early chapters are occupied with a description of the principles of the aquarium, the best apparatus, the preparation of the tank, the arrangement of the fresh-water aquarium, and plants, mollusca, crustacea, and reptilia for the same. Then he passes on to the marine tank, and the plants, fish, crustacea, and mollusca best fitted for the habitation of the same. Of course mention is made of species both in the vegetable and animal kingdom which are not known to the British collector; and that considerably enhances the value and interest of the volume, which, by-the-by, is printed in a manner highly creditable to American typographic art.

*Tabular Views of the Geography and Sacred History of Palestine, and of the Travels of St. Paul.* By A. T. WAITE. (London: Griffith and Farran).—As the preface explains, the object of this little manual is to present in a small but comprehensive form the leading points in the Geography and Sacred History of Palestine, and the Travels of St. Paul. It is divided into Mountains and Hills of Palestine, Plains and Valleys of Palestine, Rivers of Palestine, Seas or Lakes of Palestine, &c. The facts are arranged into columns under separate headings, in a manner supposed to facilitate their being committed to memory. It seems to be a careful and accurate collection of facts; but we must confess we cannot appreciate its excellence as a class-book. There seems to be nothing in the way of stating the facts calculated to impress them upon the memory.

*New Purifying System for the Thames.* By HECTOR HOREAU. (London: John Weale).—Mr. Horeau's special objects in publishing the little pamphlet before us are comprehensive enough:—To avoid the difficulties of levels; to avoid expensive engineering; to avoid the formation of an offensive deposit; to avoid the reflowing of sewage towards the metropolis; and to economise public expenditure and develop the riches of nature by natural processes. These are great objects surely; but we should have been better pleased if Mr. Horeau had been a little more explicit as to the means whereby he proposes to arrive at them. He gives us a diagram of certain proposed sewers, which are to consist of a vault, containing four rivulets, and a very brief description of the plan; but after a patient and careful consideration, both of diagram and description, we must confess that we were utterly unable to discover how the thing was to be carried out. Mr. Horeau may be a clever man,

and his scheme a very excellent one; but, unless the majority of his readers prove less dense than ourselves, we fear that he will discover that to be too concise is worse than to be too prolix.

*The Progress of Agriculture: being the Agricultural Section of Philp's "History of Progress in Great Britain."* (London: Houlston and Wright).—This is the second book of a larger work, entitled "Progress of the Arts, Sciences, Industrial Pursuits, and the Political, Religious, and Social Institutions of the British Nation." It is complete in itself, and assumes to give an account of the progress of agriculture. The subject is treated with much skill, and the author has evidently spared no pains in ransacking his material from every available source, ranging from Sir A. Fitzherbert's "Boke of Husbandry" and Tusser's "Five Hundred Points," which were the glory of the sixteenth century, down to the latest and best authorities of which the nineteenth can boast. We have little doubt that this pamphlet will obtain a very extensive circulation among our agricultural friends.

*The Growth of Russian Power contingent on the Decay of the British Constitution.* (London: Robert Hardwicke).—This is a series of articles reprinted "for the use of the Foreign Affairs Committee," from the *Morning Herald* of 1856. The policy is identical with that of Mr. Urquhart, for Russia is represented as the dragon that is to devour the world, and Lord Palmerston the traitor who plots on its behalf. "The system of Russia," says this writer, "is deeds; that of England, words."

*The Irish Metropolitan Magazine* has a readable article upon "The Courtships and Flirtations of Jean Paul Richter," and an instructive one on "The Ballarat Gold-Fields." The tale of "Fitzmaurice of Dunganmore" is brought to a conclusion. The seventh number of the interesting series of papers on "The Romance of Art" contains a valuable sketch of the life and labours of Jean Petitot, the enamel-painter. Some "Characteristic Anecdotes" of Napoleon Bonaparte are well told; and both "The Irish Brigadesman" and the "Chronicles of An Old Race" are continued. Altogether a very interesting number.

*The London University Magazine* contains essays on Coal Mines, the first two acts of Hamlet, Pulpit Literature, and A Day on the Southern Seas. The remainder consists of short reviews.

*The Historical Magazine; or, Notes and Queries of America* for August is full of valuable and interesting matter. It contains a paper by Professor Renwick, of Columbia College, of "Reminiscences of the First Introduction of Steam Navigation," giving a full account, from personal observation, of the early efforts of Robert Stevens, John Stevens, and Fulton. The reports from the Literary and Scientific Institutions of the different states are full of matters of the greatest interest. The "Notes and Queries" department of the *Historical Magazine* is as full of point as our own "learned, chatty, and useful" contemporary.

We have also received Part IV. of *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*. By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY. (Beeton).—*The Boy's Own Magazine*. (Beeton).—*The Englishman's Domestic Magazine*. (Beeton).—*The Unitarian Pulpit* (E. T. Whitfield), containing sermons of the Revs. Goodwin Barnby, John Fullagar and Dr. Griffith.

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## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

## THE CRITIC IN PARIS.

A DAM spoke Irish in Eden, and wooed Eve in Welsh, and scolded her in Gaelic when driven forth, and taught Cain Breton and Abel Cornish. In some form or another the Celtic was the primitive language, which the confusion of Babel split up into Chinese, Hebrew, Sanskrit, and Dutch. At all events the Celtic was the primitive language of Europe. This at least is the doctrine of certain Celtomanes. No, says another class of philologists equally possessed by a theory, the Gothic was the primitive language of Europe to which the Celtic may be referred. Political animosities have entered into a question which should be decided without passion, and which belongs to the impartial decision of literature. It with this view that M. de Belloquet has long occupied himself with inquiries into Celtic origins, and the result is the appearance of the first part of an important work which cannot fail to interest scholars, *Ethnogenie Gauloise*. This first part is confined to the linguistic, or comparison of languages. By-and-by it is hoped he will publish the physiological portion, or the study of the physical characters peculiar to different peoples, and finally the ethnological portion, which shall indicate the manners, the customs belonging to each race.—There is a book which, so far as its authorship is concerned, has been as great a puzzle to bibliographers as the authorship of the Letters of Junius—we mean the book on the "Imitation of Jesus Christ," attributed by some to Thomas à Kempis, by others to Gerson. Monseigneur J. B. Malon on this subject has published an elegant volume, *Recherches historiques et critiques sur le véritable auteur de l'Imitation de Jésus Christ*. Some have declared for Gerson, others for Gersen. Monseigneur throws these two (or one) overboard, and pronounces emphatically for Thomas à Kempis.—Th. Grabeuil publishes a *résumé*, chronological and biographical, of the history of the Popes, from St. Peter to Pius IX. This, we are assured has been a work of toil and patience, and the writer has avoided many of the hidden rocks upon which so many writers have split. In other words, the work may be accepted as a handy book of reference by Papists or Protestants. It is a useful repertory of dates and names, preceded by some observations on the spiritual and temporal power, and a slight geography of the States of the Church, political and statistical, with authentic details as to the mode of electing Popes, their councils, their ambassadors, their officers, &c., respecting also the orders they have created, and, in a word, all that relates to the Pontifical power and jurisdiction. All this information greatly relieves a dry list of names and dates.—*Moïse, ou lois fondamentales de sociétés*, by C. Tripard, is eloquent in argument, learned in exposition. His reproach has been that he has not sufficiently attended to German criticism; our reproach is, that he appears to ignore English authors who have written on the same subject. We must say with Abd-el-Kader: "We hear the noise of the mill, but we do not see the flour fall." This is true of many passages in this otherwise excellent performance—much noise of preparation, a whole theological battery unmasked, and blank shot follows. We can assure M. Tripard that there is munition in heretical books.—The current of French literature has been directed of late years towards the ladies. We have had Alphonse Karr, and the author of the "Good things said about Women" and of the "Bad things said about Women;" and now we have M. Doucort, who writes "*La vérité aux femmes sur l'excentricité des modes et de la toilette*." Here is a tender subject to touch upon. The book has had great success; but we suspect that the purchasers who have filled the till of the publisher have been gentlemen rather than ladies. It is a treatise or history of feminine luxury in dress, what these trifles in gowns, gloves, and petticoats cost, and a summary of what the men say. It concludes with the axiom, Men make the laws, women the manners.—Touching the ladies, one Jacques Reynaud makes sketches of popular characters in a Paris print. He sketches George Sand, Jacques, after all, is a Jeannette, without her delicacy or sensibilities—a woman who sketches her fellow-women with a whitewash

brush dipped in a pitch-tub. She intrudes into the boudoir, or bribes a *femme de chambre*. She (Jacques) tells us how George (Madame de Du-devant) dresses, how she combs or brushes her hair, how she works, how she lives in the Château de Nohant. At this rate we only wonder how she has not told the colours of George's garters, and whether there is a darn in her stockings. Jacques pretends that one-half of France makes a monster of George because she dresses like a man, smokes cigars, fires pistols, and mounts horseback *à la cavalier*. He (she) is eager to tell us notwithstanding that there is nothing in all this—*qu'il n'en est rien*.—The *Courrier de Paris*, founded, we believe, by M. Prost, is for a third time in the market. M. Emile de Girardin has agreed to become the editor; but this should surprise no one, as the ex-director of the *Presse* has long directed incognito the politics of the journal in question.—A new journal is about to appear under the guidance of M. About, late of *Figaro*. M. About wishes to be revenged upon himself or somebody else. To the *Moniteur* he sent from Rome articles under the title *L'Italie contemporaine*, the result of his observations, not very flattering to the Romish clergy—so much to their dislike, that one fine morning the Government of the Pope became quite red in the face. The publications in the *Moniteur* were suspended, and M. About was begged in the most paternal manner to go about his business.

It is always cheering to receive some proof that there is life in Italy. *La docteur Antonio*, translated from the Italian of J. Ruffini, the author of *Lorenzo Benoni*, has had a success exceeded only by *I promessi sposi* of Manzoni, and exceeding that which a very good translation of it obtained in England.

And now for a few odds and ends about literature and the arts together. The Imperial Court of Paris has condemned the director of the Vaudeville, M. de Beaufort, to pay an indemnity to a dramatic author of 1200 francs, whose piece has not been represented within the term fixed by the commission. This decision confirms and assures rights hitherto controverted. Authors will no longer be exposed to seeing their manuscripts remain for ages in dusty portfolios. Ages is no exaggeration. M. Fulchiron had about 1800 or 1801 a five-act piece received by the Comédie-Française. The representation is yet to come.—The French are not forgetful of their great men, and in their own way give great encouragement to artists. The Minister of State, for example, has presented to the city of Rouen, for the museum of the Hôtel-de-ville, a large painting by Jacques-Edmond Lémant—the subject, Michael Angelo by the death-bed of Vittoria Colonna.—The statues of Montaigne and Montesquieu were inaugurated last Sunday at Bordeaux with great ceremony. The Abbé Cirot de La Ville, president of the Academy of Bordeaux, pronounced an appreciation, as the French call it, of the works which have rendered the two Bordelais philosophers so celebrated.—A historical museum is to be erected at Athens. Foreign architects are invited to send in their plans. The successful architect, if he pleases, may superintend the building.—The daughter of Ary Scheffer is engaged in making a collection of her father's works, to make an exhibition of them, in the manner of those by Paul de la Roche.—And now, as the rain descends and the gutters of Paris are running down in small torrents, and when, without risk to silk hat and varnished boots, one cannot venture into the Champs Elysées to ascertain what is going on in our Crystal Palace towards the floral show of Autumn on the 20th instant, let us tell a true tale, as we find it, with a few variations, in the *Courrier de l'Ain*. It will show that, in spite of Guizot and primary instruction, the schoolmaster is still wanting in France. The villagers of Bugey have a tradition that it is always in desert places where the witches keep their Sabbath. The devil has a jollification once a week at least. In such places he shows himself to those whom he wishes to enlist into his service. That he does not always appear as a gentleman will be seen. It was the 21st day of May 1857, when the Sieur N— had forgotten that the religious population of Virieu-le-Petit celebrated with the whole

Christian world the festival of the Ascension. The last stroke of the village bell had sounded announcing the hour of prayer; the curé had proclaimed the order of the procession; the faithful flock advanced in two long lines, chanting hymns repeated by every voice. Now N— is one of the X— family, which, as I may tell you one day, is always in trouble. N. stands for Michel, or Joseph, or Xavier. Let us call him Nicodemus, albeit he was not such a worthy man. Nicodemus had not heart for all these sensations; he had no singing voice, and, besides, he had forgotten his calendar. He was not a Voltairian, however, but had his beliefs—above all, in fairies, witches, warlocks, and the *Nérvos*, of whom strange things are told in the neighbourhood. He had his design; a bad one, perhaps. Whilst old and young were raising their hands to Heaven, whilst the authorities and guards were pressing to hear mass and to receive the blessing of the pastor of the flock, he left the village and gained the forest, and you may see him trudging alone along the flanks of the Colombar, dark, savage, and imposing. We suspect he is on no good errand, especially as it is Ascension-day. We pass over the shudder that seized the believer when he had to pass by the haunts of the *Nérvos*. It is a wild spot. Black caverns yawn in every direction on the mountain side. There may be seen chiselled in stone a druidical altar, where smoked, they say of yore, the blood of human victims; around there is no trace of culture, no vegetation, no shrub gladdens the solitude. The lichen that clings tenaciously to the stone is the only sign of vegetable life. It is here that the *Nérvos* hold their vigils; it is from hence they are brought by village tale to frighten the village hearth. Nicodemus had not forgotten his grandmother's tales. He knew and believed them more fervently than all the curé had ever taught him; and he was on no honest errand. He descends towards a tempting heap of faggots. Who should see a poor man help himself to a bundle of dried sticks? Alas, a bundle of dried sticks has brought brighter men than Nicodemus into trouble. All at once he heard a noise. "What is that?" he said to himself. He turned round, and saw a monstrous figure some paces behind him. He breathes short; the perspiration stands in drops upon his brow. It was a spectre, black, and of gigantic proportions. In one hand he held a fork; goat's horns surmounted his brows; his eyes were red and fiery, his moustache spare and bristly, while a scarlet band covered his loins. It was impossible to mistake Satan in this guise. "Ah, ha! hurra!" screamed the devil, with a roar of laughter, "thou art one of us. I see it. Marauder on Ascension-day." He projected his claws. The woodman turned pale; he felt the hand of the spectre upon him. Danger demands prayer. With his grey bonnet in hand he sank upon his knees. "Pardon, Monsieur Devil," he said in a choked voice. "Pardon, Monsieur Devil; I was ignorant of to-day's festival." Who would have thought it? The devil was flattered with this politeness. "I grant you five minutes," said he, extending his claws; "profit by the time. I am going my rounds." "Thanks, Monsieur Devil," said the devil *en maraude*. He said, and descended the hill like lightning—as quick at least as an express train. Some wits have laughed at the poor man; but we should like to know how they would have behaved had they met the devil. The rationale of the tale is unpleasant. Faith shattered can never be put together again. The Satan of the Colombar was only a charcoal burner, who, to surprise the marauder, had blackened himself. From the *châlet* he borrowed his horns, from a shepherdess his crimson ceinture, and the bad conscience of the marauder did all the rest.

## ENGLISH EMPIRE IN ASIA.

*Geschichte des Englischen Reiches in Asien*. Von KARL FRIEDRICH NEUMANN. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. 2 vols.

It is much to possess, as we believe that we possess in these volumes, a perfectly impartial history of English dominion in Asia, and a fair and philosophical estimate of the causes that have led to its growth, and which must more and more lead to its triumph.

The author has brought to his task great faculties, very various culture, and very lofty and humane sentiments. Born on the 22nd December 1798, at Reichmannsdorf, near Bamberg, of poor Jewish parents, he contrived, in spite of the most depressing and hostile circumstances, to enter as a student the University of Heidelberg in 1816. He afterwards went to Munich, where he embraced Protestantism, and thence to Göttingen. A situation which in 1822 he had obtained as teacher in the Gymnasium at Spire he was obliged in 1825 to give up, on account of some attempt to interfere with the expression of his opinions. From 1825 to 1827 he lived at Munich. We then find him at Venice, diligently studying Armenian in the Monastery of San Lazzaro; at Paris in 1828, continuing his Oriental studies, especially Chinese; at London in 1829, where his knowledge of Oriental languages opened to him the prospect of visiting India and China. In effect, he was enabled to undertake a voyage to China in April 1830. He had two chief objects therein: to perfect himself in Chinese, and to obtain for Germany what German scholars deeply felt the want of—a Chinese library. The collection of Chinese books which he brought back amounted to ten thousand volumes, and it has been pronounced the best of its kind in Europe. He likewise purchased for the Royal Library at Berlin two thousand four hundred volumes. On his return from the East he was appointed a Professor at Munich.

Neumann has published numerous works in German, in English, and in French, illustrative of the most manifold Oriental subjects. He is admitted to have few equals as a Chinese and Armenian scholar. In him, however, scholarship profound and vast has not bred the smallest pedantry. Along with more abstract matters, the attitude of England in the East has strongly arrested, profoundly interested, his thoughts. No Englishman, however enthusiastic and patriotic, can have a more stupendous dream of England's destinies. Yet he is not the flatterer of England; he merely sees in England what he sees in no other country—some of those primordial qualities which made Rome irresistible. And he labours to prove that, though the conquests of the English may be followed as were those of the Romans by oppression and occasional injustice, yet that in the one case as in the other the benefit to the conquered is enormous. His history of the English Empire in Asia is more, however, than a chronicle of England's Eastern doings. It is a comprehensive record of Eastern movements from the remotest times, so that when English valour, and perchance English cupidity, seize an Eastern realm, we know every race and every revolution that have already been there. This profusion of facts produces often confusion, and the fault of the book is a want of artistic grouping and distribution. A minor fault is that, though Neumann is a good writer, and has no German heaviness, he is fonder of the Robertsonian period than of vivid Michelet pictorialism, and thus falls, as Prescott and so many of Robertson's imitators have done, into an unavoidable monotony.

The artistic defects of the work, however, will at once be pardoned by every earnest and intelligent reader to whom fullness of matter, manliness of tone, and suggestiveness of idea are welcome. Many more earnest and intelligent readers it will find both in Germany and in England than it would have found a year or two ago. Never till the great military mutiny did England, did Germany, did the world, know what a mighty, what a miraculous force England in the East is. The Afghanistan tragedy, that offspring of folly and of feebleness, startled England into solemn mood; but the blunder and the calamity were soon forgotten, and England had yet to discover that her vocation in the East hath at once a material vastness and a moral sublimity, compared to which her share in the politics of Europe vanishes into merest insignificance. That discovery she has now made, and though she will be slow, as is her fashion, in applying the lesson when taught, she will ultimately, as is also her fashion, apply it with that sound sense, that broad basis, and that solidity of result which distinguish her. At the threshold of all her other reforms this reform is indispensable—to appoint none to civil or military situations in the East who do not intend to settle in the East.

Till within a few years no one could emigrate to the East or purchase land there

without the permission of the East India Company; whereas the most generous encouragement should have been given to emigration from the beginning. From the constitution of the East India Company it was impossible that it could be anything but a short-sighted, selfish, and greedy corporation. It is equally foolish to denounce and to defend the East India Company. What do we expect from any corporation existing for commercial purposes except the commercial spirit? The huckster is never the hero or the martyr; and, with true huckster tenacity, the Company retained to the last two things—monopoly and patronage; and in so doing it showed itself neither better nor worse than other companies. Except, however, that it kept its hand tight on monopoly and patronage, the East India Company has for a long time been little more than a phantom, has been really under the control of the English Parliament and the English people. The evil was that the English Parliament and the English people knew next to nothing about India, and took no trouble to extend the knowledge. The authorities recognised and consulted were the servants of the Company, who had gone from England poor, and who had returned to England rich. Nevertheless an influence had entered India, had awed, had astonished, had mastered the inhabitants of India, which neither the exclusiveness of the Company could restrain, nor the ignorance of Parliament and of the people could thwart—the influence of English vigour, valour, veracity, and enterprise. If we measure what has been achieved in India apart from that influence, we shall commit the most flagrant mistake. Heinous crimes, grievous errors, our countrymen in India may have been guilty of, and well-meant innovations may have seldom turned out improvements. All this was amply atoned for by that resolute individuality and that wise and fruitful freedom which every Englishman—even the worst or weakest—carries with him. We agree with Neumann in thinking that, English pith and English liberty remaining what they are, England can defy any foe or any combination of foes. But English liberty means not Constitutionalism, not vote by ballot; it means that unfettered play of gigantic muscle which a navy represents as much as an Arctic voyager. The intelligent natives of India, such as Dwarikannath Tagor, confess that it is the massive English nature which really impresses them. How much more favourable would the impression be if England, in richest diversity, were to pour itself into India, and something else were revealed to the eye of the Hindoo besides red tape and bayonets.

At present British India to the north-west is wholly defenceless. It will continue so till Afghanistan is under British sway. The blunder was not in seizing Afghanistan, which was an act of consummate statesmanship, but in not taking the most ordinary precautions to secure and consolidate the conquest. Now it is in the north-west, in Afghanistan, that British colonisation in India should begin. The Afghans resemble the Scottish Highlanders; they are divided into clans, which resemble what the Scottish clans once were, but, alas! are no longer. Colonies of Scottish Highlanders planted in the mountainous regions to the west and north of the Indus, gradually extending as they would be sure to do still farther to the west and the north, would be an adamant barrier as inexpugnable as the mountains themselves. As to rights here, he must have odd notions of the East who ventures to speak of them. Rights in the East have yet to be created. It is precisely that she may create rights and may maintain them, that England is in the East at all. The captain of one robber horde subduing another captain, and revelling in blood and lust till he was in his turn subdued—that has been the history of India and of the regions immediately round India. But wherever these robber hordes and their leaders have rushed, there have been peaceable and industrious millions who yearned for protection and tranquillity. Protection and tranquillity England offers them, and they gladly accept such unaccustomed boons. Now, it is surely the interests of those millions, and not the interests of the robber hordes, that are to be consulted in our doings and dealings in the East. In the English Parliament and in the English press it has frequently been stated that our appropriation of Indian territory has universally been usurpation. It would be as correct

to call a usurpation the expulsion of a burglar by a policeman from a village. The worst that can be said is that the East India Company often acquired by chicanery what it would have been easier to obtain by more honest means; but that does not improve the title or excuse the wickedness of the robber hordes.

In truth the Indians, as a people, have neither national feeling nor moral feeling. If the government of the English is distasteful to them, it is not because it is a foreign yoke, but because it interferes with their customs and superstitions.

Christian culture in India, and in the East generally, as transfigured by England, must be a consequence, and not a cause. The Brahminical and Musselman obscurantists in India know that their systems are doomed. They know that English industrialism is enough of itself to overthrow those systems; and by the side of English industrialism march the English language, English literature, and English science. The erection of universities and schools, the immense increase and improvement of educational instruments, the admission of the natives to all offices with which they can safely be entrusted, humane and generous treatment from their English brethren, will be potent pioneers of religious reformation. Already the translation of European works into the Bengalee and other dialects has had a striking effect, and has alarmed the obscurantists infinitely more than the strenuous labours of the missionaries. The most salutary results are, however, neutralised by the haughty isolation of the English in the East. There is an icy, supercilious selfishness about the average Englishman, which must strangely contrast in India with the love and the humility which are supposed to be the chief features of the doctrine of which he constitutes himself the propagandist. He takes as much trouble to be disagreeable as the Frenchman takes to be agreeable. The English are thus disliked in India, even by those enlightened natives who see how needful the rule of Britain is to the noble transformation of their country. Inspiring respect and perhaps gratitude by humanity, the English do not kindle attachment by tenderness.

This has been the weak point of English dominion in the East, as it was long, and is to some extent still, the weak point of English dominion in Ireland. It is not the greatest tyrant who is the most detested: the greatest tyrants have often been popular either from good humour or jovial manner, and by abstaining from wounding the vanity of their subjects while laying heavy burdens on their shoulders. Now there will be no change in the arrogant demeanour of the English toward the natives of India as long as England is represented in the East by civil officers, and by handfuls of troops scattered here and there over the country. Civil officers are nowhere expected to be civil men and if the soldier is rough and gruff; it is a traditional part of his trade. England is in India, after so many years, not much more than an encampment; it must become a settlement. The Mahometans are about the eighth part of the population; the English, even counting the half-castes, are not more than the thousandth part of the population. In numbers such an insignificant fraction, the English act as aliens, and are hated as aliens. Now, from the moment that the Mahometans set foot on the Indian soil, the few good Mahometan princes were equally beloved by their subjects of every class and of every creed. It is true that many Mahometan conquerors and armies came to devastate and to rob, and then, when they had satiated their appetite for rapine and murder, rushed back to Afghanistan, or to regions beyond Afghanistan, or wherever else their wild home might happen to be. But multitudes remained, and ceased after a generation or two to think of the land of their fathers. India was now their country, and the Hindoos were their fellow-countrymen. The good Mahometan princes, therefore, governed men who, though severed by the abyss of religious antipathy, had yet strong ties of patriotic and human relationship. At least, neither the Mahometan princes, good or bad, nor the Mahometans generally, stood frigidly and pompously aloof like the English, as if the Hindoo belonged not only to another clime, but to another species.

What have the English in India hitherto been but the proudest and most exclusive of castes in the land of castes, while complaining continually of caste as a curse? The English cannot expect



to hold the empire of India for ever. What they should aim at is so politically and socially to educate the Indians, that they may at last be able to govern themselves. But the education must be based on sympathy, on affinity; and the sympathy, the affinity, cannot arise without a large infusion of English blood. What the Normans were for England the English must be for India—not mutilating or eradicating the individuality of India, but moulding and leavening that individuality so powerfully that the metamorphosis may be immortally recognisable.

There are hosts of topics suggested by Neumann's able work which we should like to glance at; but we are compelled to limit ourselves to the few that we consider of most importance. India is a subject so colossal, that it would be easier to write a book on it than an article. There are many matters, however, on which, though we cannot treat them at length, hints for reform may be offered. Would it not be desirable, would it not be fair, that half of the examinations for the civil service in India should take place at Calcutta? Is it not a mockery to say that certain situations are open to all her Majesty's subjects, when one youth has to travel a few miles in a cab, and another thousands of miles in a ship, to be examined? Is it not as despotic as it is unnecessary to make attendance at any particular educational institution indispensable? Is it not enough that a youth possesses the requisite knowledge, the requisite qualifications, wheresoever acquired or perfected? Should not the subjects of examination be limited as much as possible to the work to be done in India? Granting that we should prefer scholars and gentlemen whenever we can get them, should we carry the preference so far as to demand from the future officer in India, that he should beat all his competitors in the composition of Latin *Alcaics*, and in the marvellous facility and skill with which he can turn Shakespeare into Greek Iambics? The system of examinations is good only as a portion of some more catholic and living system; but in any case it should not be spoiled by pedantry. Hitherto, perhaps with the design that it should never be really popular, it has been ridiculously, intolerably pedantic.

The present Minister for Indian affairs will probably endeavour to brush away these cobwebs of the pedagogues. Still more imperatively, however, does the administration of justice in India demand his attention. The importation into India of our slow, cumbersome, complicated, expensive legal processes is one of those evils of which the natives fiercely complain, and have much cause to complain. The liking of the Orientals in law is for prompt decision, and they have a proverb that quick injustice is better than lingering justice. An absolute judge in a larger or smaller district should decide at once, and from his verdict there should be no appeal.

The mode of raising the revenue in India seems to admit of as many improvements as the administration of justice; and as England is the champion of free trade, and loudly professes to have been benefited by it, should not the monopolies of indigo, of salt, and of opium, speedily cease? Of the nett revenue of India more than a sixth is spent in England. Does not this clamour for investigation and amendment?

Extravagance and meanness, profusion and parsimony, are the rule in English public affairs: it is the same in India. And a wise man, with vigorous will, is needed there as here, to make generosity and frugality the companions and the complements of each other. Whilst the Marquis of Dalhousie was Governor-General began, and will now rapidly proceed, a most momentous change, the abolition of sham courts, the bringing down to the common herd of the sham princes. Few except really gifted and eminent men have occupied the most magnificent of viceregal thrones; but none rose to a truer and wider conception than Dalhousie of what India under England should be, as shown not merely by the policy just spoken of, but also by the promotion of those vast public works on which the prosperity and progress of India so much depend.

On the whole we may say, that, though England has done comparatively little for India, she has done much in India, and that no other European nation could have done so much. Thither she has sent the greatest of statesmen, the greatest of warriors, and there the British armies have per-

formed feats before which the vaunted achievements of the French troops under the Republic and the Empire are as nothing. If we have yet to be thoroughly roused to the labours which are before us in India, we have yet to rise to the full and proud exultation over hundreds of Agincourts, the record of which to our children will have a grand Homeric clangour. ATTICUS.

#### DE ST. GERMAIN'S MIGNON.

*Mignon, &c.* (Mignon, a Story. By J. T. DE SAINT GERMAIN, Author of "The Story of a Pin," &c.) Paris: Jules Tardieu. 1858.

The French enthusiasm which has greeted the successive publications of the French gentleman who writes under the pseudonym of M. de Saint Germain is perhaps chiefly notable as a symptom of literary reaction. Wearied of immorality and illicit excitement in the pages of Balzac, Eugène Sue, George Sand, *et hoc genus omne*, the French public welcomes pure ethics and sentiment, even if accompanied by more than a due display of the "moral sublime," and by something very nearly akin to twaddle. M. de Saint Germain's "Story of a Pin" was a success. His "Art of being Unhappy" raised the reputation which appears to have culminated with the appearance of *Mignon*. The French "organs of public opinion," metropolitan and provincial, are unanimous in its praise. From the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Revue de Paris*, the *Journal des Débats* and the *Gazette de Paris*, down to the *Boulogne Gazette* and *La Normandie*, French criticism lavishes laudation on a writer who manages to interest without outraging decency. The infection has spread even to this side the channel, and has broken out in quarters where febrile symptoms were least to have been expected. The calm and cynical Saturday Reviewers themselves catch fire at a spark emitted by so obscure a journal as *La Normandie*. "C'est mieux qu'un bon livre," says the French provincial print, speaking of *Mignon*, "c'est une bonne œuvre." The *Saturday Review*, slightly plagiarising, says of it: "It is something more than a clever book—it is a good action;" and not content with this, proceeds to say: "It gives a man a better estimate of his fellow-creatures, a worse of himself." To have produced such an effect on a Saturday Reviewer seemed like reviving the age of miracles, and we proceeded to the perusal of the work itself with a solemn and eager curiosity.

'Tis a pretty little story, not ill told, but by no means deserving these high-flown praises. The Saturday Reviewer must have been in an abnormally morbid state when the perusal of the pleasing but rather tame little book so lowered his ordinary consciousness of Pharisaic superiority to his literary and social brethren. The story of *Mignon*, easily told, is as follows. An opulent, amiable, and intelligent Paris merchant, a M. Crèveœur, loses his much-loved wife, who leaves behind her a charming image of herself, an only daughter, Thérèse, the heroine of the book, known afterwards by her conventual name of Mignon. An artful provincial belle, poor but fascinating, succeeds, by a pretended attachment to Thérèse and to Thérèse's father, in securing the hand of the wealthy widower, whose fortune, so far as she can, she wastes in extravagance, and whose heart she breaks by her folly and selfishness. When Crèveœur dies, he bequeaths his orphaned daughter to the good wishes of his friend, Maurice de Terrenoire, a man of austerity and probity blended with sensibility, the new type of La Jeune France in the pages of her moral novelists. Between Maurice and his young and beautiful friend there springs up an almost unconscious attachment, which the stepmother, who hates the good and amiable Thérèse, seeks to stifle. Madame Crèveœur persuades Thérèse that Maurice has married another, and then shuts her up in a convent—luckily a model convent—to a description of which much of the book is devoted. Here Thérèse receives the name of Mignon. Here she makes the acquaintance of and befriends a young girl called conventually by the unconventional name of Graziella, who is also the victim of Madame Crèveœur's cruelty. Graziella's father, Marx the sculptor, had borrowed money freely, generously lent him by Crèveœur. The latter dying suddenly, his widow prosecuted the poor artist for a repayment of the loan with the utmost rigour of the law; and the harshness of her proceedings drives poor Marx to an untimely grave, and deprives his poor little daughter of—speech. By a sort of poetical justice Mignon, in the convent, constitutes herself the patroness and

protectress of the dumb Graziella. At last all comes right. A respectable fortune had been settled on Mignon by her father, and this survives the wreck of her foolish and headlong stepmother's affairs. Madame Crèveœur, in her final agonies of body and soul, sends penitently for her despised and ill-treated stepdaughter, who heaps coals of fire upon her head by tending her kindly and reading to her Thomas à Kempis. The falsehood of Maurice's alleged marriage is confessed. Maurice himself, afraid to pay formal addresses to his rich and beautiful ward, is regularly proposed to by her, and cannot but answer "Yes." Graziella, who meanwhile has developed into a skilful artist in sculpture, is to live with them, when the curtain drops, and "all goes happy as a marriage bell."

There is not much, it will have been seen, in the plot; nor is there much in the filling-in. The harsh and wicked stepmother, the high-minded, benevolent and shrewd Superior of the convent, the upright and conscientious Maurice, are by no means first-rate creations; and Mignon herself, beautiful, amiable, and unselfish as she is, seems more of a shadow than a reality. Still the book pleases after Balzac and Sue, with the charm that seduces *blasé* worldlings to the country after the dissipation of the "season." It is something in a French novel to have vice punished and virtue rewarded—a virtuous attachment crowned by an innocent and happy union. This, however, it must be confessed, is brought about in rather a singular way. Mademoiselle Mignon, so very modest, makes love with a boldness which is only excused by its success. In an English novel, the overtures made by the heroine to her undeclared lover in the following dialogue would sound rather strangely. Reviewing the past, the young lady pronounces herself thus:

"Do you wish that I should speak for you? I know well what you said to yourself. You often thought of my good father and of his child, and you said to yourself: 'I know to whom I would entrust her, that she may be happy, for she cannot always remain in the convent. It is not proved that she is a St. Teresa. I would give her to one who might protect her and love her.'"

"Oh! Mignon," interrupted Maurice, "have I ever in my letters or my words . . . ?"

"And what are letters and words, Maurice, if the rest of your conduct spoke? But let me go on. If I am wrong, are not you there to refute me? You said to yourself further: 'I would give her willingly to Maurice de Terrenoire, for she is not disagreeable, and, were it only in remembrance of her father, she would do all that I should tell her. But . . . but there is one great obstacle—it is, that Mignon is rich.'"

"Mercy, Mignon, I beg of you."

"No, Maurice, no mercy. Allow me at least to finish my monologue; you will speak afterwards. Maurice said to himself, then, by way of finish: 'As she is too rich, I will never say what I think of her. I will not say that, from the day on which her father confided her to my care, I have never had a pleasanter dream than to unite for ever the daughter and the best friend of Aimé Crèveœur. She will never know it. She will become what she may. She will remain in her convent, or else she will be married, it matters not how; but at least it will be abundantly proved that I, Maurice, am a disinterested man.' Is there truth in all this, tell me?"

Maurice bowed his head, like a criminal, while taking the hands of Mignon in his own. But how sweet to him were all these reproaches! How eagerly he listened to the fairy of the future!

"Pardon!" he said to her. "Pardon!"

After a little more imaginary soliloquising put into poor Maurice's mouth, Mademoiselle Mignon bursts out in *propria persona*:

"Maurice, tender friend of my father, gentle brother, to whom he entrusted me; do you wish that I should give to you my whole life? It is yours. We shall pass our days in cherishing the memory of him whom we loved, and we shall do in his name all the good which he loved to do."

Mignon had risen. She was great and beautiful. Maurice, admiring that calm and that almost Biblical simplicity (!), had fallen on his knees unconsciously, and was kissing the folds of her gown.

"Yet, sir, this is what you force me to tell you," said Mignon, seriously. Do you think that it will be easy?"

"What, Mignon?" replied Maurice in ecstasy. And so forth, as may be easily conceived. Certainly, this style of wooing on the lady's part is somewhat novel in literature as in life. The Amelias, Claras, and Rosas, who "let I dare not wait upon I would," and who pester the editors of our penny weekly contemporaries for advice how to bring their lovers to their feet, may take a hint from Mignon; and, in taking it, may solace themselves with the reflection that their exemplar is lauded enthusiastically by so aristocratic and high-bred a journal as the *Saturday Review*!

## SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &amp;c.

## SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

In a paper "On the production of organic bodies without the agency of vitality," read by Professor Frankland at the Royal Institution, it is stated that the earlier researches of chemists brought them into contact with two classes of bodies distinguished from each other by well-marked peculiarities. One of these classes was met with in the inanimate or mineral kingdom, the other was found exclusively in the animate portion of creation; and as chemists at that time knew of no process by which the elements composing these bodies could be made to unite, these substances were from their origin termed organic bodies or organic compounds, and were regarded as dependent upon what is called vital force. In 1828, however, Wohler produced *urea* artificially, a body till that time known only as a product of organism. This discovery was succeeded by the artificial formation of acetic acid by Kolbe, who also subsequently produced methyl from acetic acid: thus the barrier was broken through which had hitherto separated organic and inorganic bodies, and although the term organic was retained, it was no longer strictly applicable. The recent researches of M. Berthelot have greatly extended this branch of chemical inquiry, who produced chloride of methyl and the members of the olefant gas family up to amylene, phenylic alcohol and naphthaline, phenyl-carbonic acid and glycerine. These substances, with their derivatives, yield upwards of 700 distinct organic compounds produced from their elements without the agency of vitality. It has long been known that, with some slight exceptions, the only materials employed by nature in the construction of the most complex organic compounds are—carbonic acid, water, ammonia, and nitric acid; but, confining attention on the present occasion to the consideration of carbonic acid only, Professors Kolbe and Frankland were led to the following results:—"1. The replacement of one atom of oxygen in carbonic acid by hydrogen or its homologues produces an organic acid either of the fatty or of the aromatic series, as acetic acid or benzoic acid. 2. The like replacement of two atoms of oxygen in carbonic acid produces either acetone or an aldehyde, or oil of bitter almonds. 3. The like replacement of three atoms of oxygen in carbonic acid produces vinic ether. 4. The like replacement of all the atoms of oxygen in carbonic acid produces ethyl, hydride of methyl, or methyl-ethyl." The verification of these views was reserved for Mr. Wanklyn, "who, in his newly-discovered sodium and potassium compounds of the organic radicals, came into possession of re-agents which cannot fail to enable us greatly to increase the number of organic compounds capable of being procured from their elements without the intervention of vitality." Of the bodies hitherto thus produced, alcohol, glycerine, and sugar are undoubtedly the most interesting. Owing to the part they take in the nutrition of animals, they prove the possibility of artificially producing an important part of the food of man; and should the chemist also thus succeed in forming the nitrogenous constituents of food, man might then support life without animal or vegetable food if provided with the necessary apparatus and inorganic materials. We have, however, as yet no clue to the formation of these nitrogenous constituents, and the present prospects of rivaling vital processes in the economical production of staple organic compounds are very slight. But this branch of chemistry is at present in its merest infancy, and it would be rash to pronounce their ultimate realisation impossible, as many analogous substitutions of artificial for natural processes have been already achieved.

In reference to the influence of the Gulf Stream on the winters of the British Isles, Professor Hennessey concurs with General Sabine in attributing the remarkably mild winters we sometimes experience to an abnormal extension of the warm waters of that stream towards our latitudes. This abnormal extension necessarily implies that the waters acquire a temperature exceeding their mean temperature, and thus the temperature of the air becomes sensibly increased, and will depend chiefly on what it gains from sunshine and from the warm sea air, and on what it loses by radiation. If excess from sunshine over loss

by radiation be considerable compared with the gain from the influence of the sea, the temperature will depend on the latitude. If, on the other hand, the thermal influence of the sea is considerable, places at different latitudes may possess nearly equal temperatures. "It follows that, during cold winters, we should expect a greater difference between the temperatures of the southern coasts of Great Britain and Ireland and the remainder of their coasts than during mild winters. It also follows that during warm winters the difference of temperature between stations situated on the coast and inland stations having nearly the same latitude should be greater than during cold winters." The observed results as to temperature entirely conform to these laws. In December 1857 the temperatures of the coast stations were as follows: South coast, "mean," 48.7°; north and west coasts, 47.1°; east coast, 44.8°. December 1856, "mean," south coast, 44°; north and west coasts, 41°; east coast, 39.1°. December 1855, south coast, "mean," 41.3°; north and west coasts, 38.6°; east coast, 36°. The December of 1857, which was warmer than the two preceding ones, "appears to comply with such conditions as to temperature as would lead to the conclusion that a greater extension of the Gulf Stream had existed towards the close of 1857 than of 1856-1855. In comparing these with a southern inland station, the mean at Oxford in December 1857 was 45°, in 1856 40.8°, in 1855 37.2°. Now the stations on the west coast, Liverpool and the Isle of Man, are of higher latitude than Oxford; yet their mean temperature was in excess of Oxford in December 1857 by 2.1°, in 1856 0.5°, and in 1855 1.4°. "By thus comparing the results during different years, it is probable that corresponding inferences will be suggested regarding the variations of mean temperature which are incapable of explanation by changes of solar radiation alone."

In a paper read during the session on the Statistical Society on the populations of Great Britain and France, it appears that the proportion of children and young persons to adults is about one-seventh more in Great Britain than in France. The inferences are that marriages are more fruitful than in France; that the population in Great Britain is in a more rapid state of advance—the per-centage of persons living under 15 being 35 in Great Britain and 30 in France. The total number of adult males in the United Kingdom is 5,210,000; in France, 7,250,000. During the thirty years 1821-51 the relative number of adult males has undergone changes materially in favour of the United Kingdom, and during the seven years since 1851 this favourable tendency has become still more marked. In the year 1854 the number of deaths in France exceeded the births by 69,000. The number of births does not steadily increase or decrease. In England and Wales the births rise from 463,000 in 1834 to 635,000 in 1855. The number of deaths rises from 342,000 in 1834 to 425,000 in 1855; but the number of deaths does not rise so steadily as the births. And this fact is elicited as regards Great Britain, that of the population between twenty and fifty years of age, about three fifths only are married. The increase of the population in 30 years in Great Britain, from 1821 to 1851, is 6,778,212, or 47½ per cent. on the population of 1821; while the increase in France in 36 years, from 1820 to 1856, is 5,588,177, or nearly 18½ per cent. on the population of 1820.

The Channel Island telegraph line has been successfully laid, and communications have passed. The cost is stated to be 25,000*l*.—A plan has been submitted to the Colonial Minister for constructing a railway from Halifax, in Nova Scotia, to the newly-found gold diggings on the Frazier River. The proposed line will be 3200 miles long, and the journey from Liverpool is calculated at seventeen days. By continuing the line to the coast, the communication to Australia could be made in ten days less time than by the Panama route; and there is this important consideration, that the line would pass entirely through British territory.—A new species of silkworm has been introduced into France from China; this does not eat the mulberry leaf, but feeds exclusively upon the *Alnus*.

*thus glandulosa*, a tree almost as common in France as in China. It is stated to be one of the valuable characteristics of this species of worm that it lies dormant in the cocoon during the winter.

## ART AND ARTISTS.

## BIRMINGHAM SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.

This society has returned this year to its old gallery in New-street. The change is agreeable, the new rooms are suited to the purpose, well lighted, and permit a good arrangement of the pictures. The number of pictures is greater than usual, and are all well displayed, producing a cheerful effect. The great work attracting first attention is a large landscape in Egypt with ruins, by David Roberts, R.A., of a bright tone, with a group of travellers in the foreground, and fleecy clouds in a blue sky. A large picture above it of rich mellow tone, by J. C. Horsley, R.A., heightens the contrast. Two works of Ward's, R.A., make the effect of the principal room complete.

The catalogue has for a motto the following extract from Hazlitt:—"This is the test and triumph of originality, not to show us what has never been, and what we may therefore very easily never have dreamt of, but to point out to us what is before our eyes and under our feet, though we have had no suspicion of its existence, for want of sufficient tuition or determined grasp of mind to seize and retain it." This is better than a tortured sentiment from Schiller, or a bit of rhapsody from the French. A large portrait of a Shetland Poney, by Klobbe, well painted, fills an unimportant space. "A Shop in Paris," by H. Stanier, appears to be truthful, and is of subdued colour, with careful accessories. "Contemplation," by R. Bothwell, a picture of a mother and child of great power, but marred by confused and undecided colour. The faces of mother and child are natural and finely expressed. A very pleasing picture "The Novel," by Miss E. Brownlow, will be generally admired.

Three landscapes, by J. J. Wilson, of farm scenes in Kent, and a coast view, deserve observation for their truth and fidelity. They are pleasant subjects, finely painted.

A local painter, Mr. F. H. Henshaw, has a large landscape "Sion, Valley of the Rhone," it is a fine landscape, richly painted, the thin mist in the valley well treated, and an admirable foreground carefully and forcibly brought out. A number of other very tolerable pictures will no doubt receive due attention without our pointing out their beauties.

## THE BOULOGNE ART UNION.

This exhibition of pictures at Boulogne, which closed on Monday last, with the lottery for prizes, an address from the president, and a distribution of medals to the artists, has afforded a writer in the *Standard* material for an interesting notice of the French school of landscape painting. The favour obtained of late years by these amongst private collectors in this country gives interest to the distinction happily drawn between them and our own artists in the following criticism. It is necessary, however, to premise that this exhibition was unusually excellent, containing works by the first artists of Paris, and that the writer is animated with a hostile dislike to our late pre-Raphaelite school:

It may be said with truth, that the French artists show more intention and purpose in their works than we seem anxious to display in ours. They manifest more devotion to established principles, and content themselves with one point of interest; and, instead of pretending to restore art to its former perfection, through the affectation of pre-Raphaelism, each painter evidently aims at seeing and representing nature according to his own perceptions, both visually and pictorially. Their purpose is followed in a manner so single-minded, that the pencils and palette are handled in absolute submission to the will of the artist when painting his picture, and they occupy no more of his attention than the knife, fork, and plate engage the thoughts of the gourmand while eating his dinner. Hence it is that the French painter rarely draws the mind of the observer from his subject to himself, by overlaying it with extraordinary manipulation and wonderful finish. If he err at all in the execution of his work, he does so in some instances by the rudeness of his touch, the peculiarity of which, however, soon wears off; for the spectator is both interested and amused in watching, as his eye becomes accustomed to the style, how gradually and effectively all the parts of the scene fall into their places, how perfect a whole comes out of such an apparent chaos, and ultimately how light, air, and distance assume their sway over the entire view as the picture takes the form and substance of the reality. Such a point, however, is not to be reached by trifling with time in the use of the most choice pencils, the most expensive colours, and the still more patient display of mechanical legwork, but by an attentive study of nature, a thorough knowledge of the tints that will most truly represent her, and the pursuit of a single purpose, regulated by the acknowledged rules of art; the whole expressive of a sentiment conceived in the mind of the painter, the pleasure or purport of which he has previously determined shall, through the material means he employs, be shared in and enjoyed by those who hereafter may inspect the result of his labour. The unmeaning and mechanical



mode may be called painting, but the intentional and expressive is most assuredly true art; there being the same difference between the two modes as there is between rhyming and poetry.

The critic insists, at further length, on the required sentiment and well-defined intention of a good picture, and the faculty of discovering this in those who would judge and appreciate it, and then treats us to descriptions of the pictures, which would occupy too much space for quotation, but which are intended to enforce by illustration the principles previously laid down. The collection comprises some fine specimens of G. H. Colin, Jules Cornillet, Eugène Degaud, Auguste Allongé, Michael Arnoux, H. S. Bernard, J. D. Caudron, F. Chaigneau, J. Chandelier, C. J. Chaplin, L. Chérelle, E. Delalleau, F. Gluck, G. M. E. Gourdet, L. E. Huber, H. Lebas, E. Lemmen, L. Loire, A. Mathieu, G. Morin, J. P. Ouvrié, J. Paris, C. Perus, F. L. Picart, A. V. Pluyette, F. J. Tronville, Madame Calbris, Vincent-Devos, E. Barthélemy, Victor de Bornschegel, C. Bonny, and J. Bourgeois.

#### TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

As a commencement to the gallery of fine art to be formed in the Town Hall at Leeds, J. G. Marshall, Esq. has presented to it a painting by Callcott, "Milton dictating Paradise Lost to his Daughters;" Mr. J. G. Uppeby, a picture of ruins by Panini, a battle-piece by Bourguignon, and a portrait of W. Pitt; and other gentlemen contemplate the addition of portrait statues of men of note and benefactors belonging to the town.

A report to the French commission of the Great Exhibition of 1851, by M. de Laborde, which specially treated of the fine arts in union with industrial design, has, at the request of the Ministers of Public Works and of Education and also of the Emperor, been examined and replied to by a committee of the Academy of the Fine Arts, of which the Count de Nieuwerkerke was a member, and F. Halévy the reporter, as the representatives of fine arts in the Imperial Institute. The direct and lavish support obtained for art institutions and schools in France, and the general interest taken in them, made it important to the Government and the two ministries specially superintending the art education in the country to take cognizance of the views authoritatively expressed in the report of M. de Laborde, as well in regard to art as the general education of the industrial population. It was required to solve the problem of the union of the arts with industry; from this M. de Laborde leaped to the expression, "the vulgarisation of art." He asserted it as necessary to the advance of art that it should extend itself in a popular direction, and be made accessible to all by union with practical useful industry. This doctrine is met by the Academy with direct opposition. They dread, as an inevitable result of a union, the absorption of art by industry. "Lending itself to those applications" which will give it a character of practical utility, "art would soon cease to exist. It will perish stifled in its bonds. No. Art is not this robust deity presented to-day to our adoration; form is not the object of its highest worship; it is not the burning atmosphere of the furnace that it must breathe, nor is the bazaar its temple. Art requires calm, silence, the pure air of solitude. Art requires creative, inspired, noble, pathetic, graceful. Art diffused as M. de Laborde would wish to see it would lose in power what it would gain in surface. To apply art universally to the ordinary customs of life is not to practise the worship of art; it is rather, so to speak, to have a superstitious feeling for it." In conclusion, they do not coincide with M. de Laborde upon the general principles which should guide the destinies of art, and doubt the efficacy of many of the means which he indicates. They desire to see an alliance between art and industry, but an unfettered alliance—that is to say, the living active action of art upon industry; and they make some suggestions for an extension of professional schools for teaching design and modelling in the provinces. The controversy has attracted our attention from its close bearing on the precisely same problem in this country, and the respect which the opinion of the men of Paris must command in connection with it.

The *Scotsman* says: "Our city is now being revisited by our distinguished townsman David Roberts, R.A., in company with his eminent brother academical, Clarkson Stanfield. These gentlemen, who have so long held a distinguished position in the artistic world, commenced their professional career almost simultaneously in Edinburgh, where they gave the first indications of their latent genius by the production of some remarkably beautiful scenes for our theatre; and both to this day delight to acknowledge having received their early inspirations and knowledge of art from the late Alexander Nasmyth, the founder of our Scottish School of Landscape, whose scenes we have heard both of these grateful pupils describe as being more of the class of highly-finished pictures than works of the mere scene painter. Both young artists left Edinburgh for London, their genius and ability having attracted the notice of the management there; and every one knows how for several years, in this capacity and afterwards in the higher walks of pictorial art, Stanfield and Roberts, Roberts and Stan-

field, have from that period until this been known as cherished household words. They have long ceased to paint for the stage, being each in his own department a leading member of the Royal Academy, and the works of both are in the very highest request. On Friday morning they visited the galleries of the Royal Scottish Academy, in the prosperity of which they have from its institution manifested a deep and active interest. They were received by Sir John Watson Gordon, the president, and by Mr. D. O. Hill, the secretary, when Mr. Stanfield was presented with the honorary diploma and medal of the academy, those having previously been voted to Mr. Roberts."

The president of the Scotch Academy, Sir John Watson Gordon, has been all the summer closely confined to his studio engaged on portraits commissioned by corporations and public bodies in England. The *Scotsman* recording the fact, adds the opinion that "it affords strong proof of the high position of our Scottish school."

The *Leeds Mercury* says that the statue of the late Mr. Baines, provided by the subscriptions of his fellow-townsmen, and executed by the skillful chisel of Mr. Behnes, has this week been erected in the great hall of the Leeds Town Hall. It is an admirable work of art. Perhaps the figure gives the idea of a somewhat taller and thinner man than Mr. Baines. On the whole, however, it is a pleasing likeness, as it is certainly a very fine and beautiful statue, and worthy of the experienced sculptor. The size is colossal, being eight feet in height; and it is made of a faultless block of Carrara marble. The statue is placed on a temporary pedestal, in one of the spaces between the columns.

The *Journal of the Society of Arts* says that an invention has recently been patented in this country, for preparing the surface of an engraved copper-plate so as to render it capable of yielding a greatly increased number of impressions. It is stated that upwards of ten thousand impressions have been taken from a plate thus prepared. A description of the process will shortly be given.

We (the *Builder*) understand that the Pope has conferred upon Mr. Edward Pugin, architect, the order of St. Sylvester. It was communicated by Cardinal Wiseman, at the celebration of the Ushaw College Jubilee, in testimony as well probably to the services of the father as of satisfaction with the works of the son.

The *Builder* says that an invention, likely to create a revolution in the art of photography, has recently been made by Mr. Backshell, of the Photographic Institution, Durham-place, Dalston, and which has received the protection of letters patent. It consists, we are told, in producing a coloured non-inverted photograph.

An imposing ceremony is announced to take place at Grantham, on Tuesday, the 21st inst., on the occasion of the inauguration of a monument to Sir Isaac Newton. Lord Brougham is to deliver the inaugural address, and amongst those who are to participate in the proceedings are the undermentioned:—Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity; Professor Graham, Master of the Mint; the Lord Bishop of Lincoln; the Right Hon. the Earl of Harrowby; Sir Charles Eastlake; Major-Gen. the Hon. Sir E. Cust, K.C.H.; Robert Stephenson, Esq., M.P., &c. There will be a procession to the site of the statue on St. Peter's Hill, and after the inaugural address the Mayor will present to Lord Brougham a copy of "The Principia." At the conclusion of the out-door ceremony, a *déjeuner* will take place at the Exchange Hall, for which many tickets have already been taken. About 1400*l.* has been subscribed towards the cost of the statue, and we understand that only about 50*l.* more is required.

The works necessary for restoring the column raised on the South Denes to the memory of Lord Nelson are at last about to be commenced. The subscriptions for this object amount at present to 488*l.* In order to carry out the proposed works, 200*l.* more will at least be required, and this sum the Restoration Committee hope and believe (says the *Norfolk Chronicle*) will be contributed as soon as their position is well known.

The monument which is to be erected at Prague in honour of the late Marshal Radetzky is now to be seen at Nuremberg, in the foundry of Burgschmiet and Lenz. Eight colossal figures, which represent a grenadier, a rifleman, a cannoner, a Tyrolean *chasseur*, a hussar (a Hungarian), a sailor (a Dalmatian), a lancer (a Pole), and a borderer (a Croat), support the much-loved commander on shields. The figures are of bronze, and the cast of all of them is said to be perfect. The whole monument, which is twenty-three feet high from the soles of the men's feet to the tip of a flag which is in the Marshal's hand, weighs 150 cwt., and the greater part of the metal of which it is made was taken from the Sardinians during the war in 1849.

One consequence of the recent improvements in Paris is the destruction of many of its oldest and most respected relics. The *Presse* announces that "Paris will again witness the disappearance of one of its old fountains, bearing the distiches of the celebrated poet Santeuil. It is the monumental fountain attached to a house in the Rue de la Harpe, before the Place Saint-Michel, and which lies in the direct route of the Boulevard de Sebastopol, left bank.

The city of Limoges (or the central Government on its behalf) has long determined to erect in one of its places a monument to the memory of Marshal Jourdan, Duc de Canéglano, and the General Council of the Department has this year voted the sum of 3000 francs to aid the city of Limoges in thus paying homage to a soldier.

The citizens of Bordeaux inaugurated, on Sunday last, the statues erected on the Esplanade des Quinconces in that town, in honour of Montaigne and Montesquieu. The fête was worthy of the literary fame won by these illustrious sons of Guienne.

#### ARCHÆOLOGICAL SUMMARY.

THE Cambrian Archæologists have had a pleasant week's investigation of their antiquities, commencing at Rhyl, in Flintshire, and continuing elsewhere. This twelfth annual meeting was opened on Monday the 12th of August by the Bishop of St. Asaph, who made what may now be called "the usual speech" on the pleasures and advantages of antiquarian studies, a theme that is growing somewhat threadbare, but, like after-dinner speeches to set toasts, falls naturally to the lot of all presidents, and is carefully enunciated, patiently listened to, and applauded with all dutiful observance. There was some variety in the speech, for there was a conjecture thrown out that Offa's Dyke was constructed to protect cattle from being stolen—a rather remarkable solution (?) of the disputed intention of this important earthwork. The moderns were complimented by the assertion that the building of the Pyramids was less in comparison to a modern railway; and local prejudices were gratified by an assurance that "Celtic" knowledge is of the greatest use in etymology. On Tuesday the programme included an excursion to Tyn Rhyl; Rhuddlan Church, Castle, and Abbey, the former remarkable as the most important fortress erected by Edward I. for the conquest of North Wales; Bodrhyddan House; remains at Henffryn; Gop tumulus, an immense beacon, erected on a lofty limestone mountain overlooking the sea, and commanding the whole north-western coast from Snowdon to Skiddow; Sarn Hwlcin; Maen Achwynfan (the stone of lamentation); Chapel at Gelli; Garreg Tower or Pharos; and Golden Grove, where Colonel Morgan kindly received the members and their friends at luncheon. After which the ancient well and ruins of Capel Gwynysgor, Dyserth Castle, Siamer Hen, Dyserch Church and Cross, were visited; and the indefatigable members of the society assembled to discuss papers at an evening meeting. On Wednesday there was an excursion by train to Holywell, and the beautiful chapel of St. Winifred, and to Basingwerk Abbey and Watt's Dyke; by cars to Downing House, formerly the residence of Pennant the antiquary, whose topographical works are so well known, particularly that devoted to London; here the present proprietor, Lord Fielding, kindly received the members and visitors. At Downing are preserved Mr. Pennant's library and all his MSS., including his collections for London, as well as for his works on natural history. The party then visited Mostyn Hall and Library, which, by the kind permission of Lord Mostyn, were thrown open on the occasion. At Mostyn is one of the finest MS. libraries in Wales; the printed books, too, are peculiarly valuable, and the collection of portraits, including several Vandykes, is one of the best in the principality. An evening meeting, at half-past seven, found full employ for the members and visitors, at which papers were read on subjects connected with the places visited.

On Thursday the interesting town of Conway was inspected, and none in Wales affords a better idea of a walled city of the middle ages, protected by its circumvallation thickly set with round towers, and fortified by its noble castle. Here let us echo the opinion of *The Times* reporter, who says:—"It is much to be regretted that the lessee of the castle and the inhabitants of the town should not be more alive to the historic value and architectural beauty of the monuments amid which they live. They ought to be kept in better repair and be protected from unnecessary dilapidation." One of the towers hangs in a perilous manner over the railway, the foundation being partially broken away; and the visitor looks at the circle of stones as they hold together by the wonderful strength of the mortar alone. It is quite an unique sight, and one that is very suggestive of immediate danger. After inspecting the Castle, Church, Gloddaet and Gogarth Abbey, &c., the visitors had the option of exploring the primeval remains on Llandudno mountain and Caerhun. At seven p.m. the general committee was held, to be succeeded by a general meeting, to which members only were admitted. On this occasion, the museum was kept open till ten p.m.

On Friday some of the members visited St. Asaph Cathedral, and others went to Flint and Ewloe Castles; the former celebrated as the scene of the surrender of Richard II. to Bolingbroke, the latter for the defeat of Henry II. by the Welsh, under their Prince Owen Gwynedd. Others went by railway to Abergelle, and also to Ffos-y-Bleiddiaid (Wolves' foss), Garth Camp, remains of Roman mines, Gordyn Mawr, and Cefn-yr-Ogo, where cars were provided

for such as preferred to ride to the station. The excursion, from the nature of the ground, was principally of a pedestrian character. Another evening meeting was held; and on Saturday, September 4th, the congress was closed at a general meeting: after which the members and visitors separated, mutually pleased with the results of a most pleasant week's agreeable instruction.

During the evening meetings several papers of great archaeological value were read. Mr. Stuart, Secretary of the Royal Society of Antiquaries in Scotland, read a memoir on the comparative study of Scotch and Welsh sculptural stones, crosses, and other monuments. Mr. Barnwell, Secretary to the Association, read another on Breton antiquities, the result of his explorations during the present year. There was one result deduced from these papers, and confirmed by the comparison of Irish and Welsh antiquities, which is of some importance—viz., that all the insulated stone pillars, whether in Scotland, Brittany, Ireland, or Wales, are decidedly sepulchral monuments. Papers were also read by Mr. Wright on Anglo-Saxon remains as compared with Welsh ones; by Dr. Guest on Offa's Dyke; by Mr. Morgan on the ancient boundaries of Carmarthenshire; by Miss Williams on St. Germanus; and by Mr. Longueville Jones on early British sculptural monuments, and on Ogham inscriptions found in Wales. A great deal of interesting discussion was occasioned by these papers; they were all copiously illustrated by drawings; and although the members had worked so hard at excursions on each day, the proceedings of every evening were characterised by much animation. At the concluding meeting it was announced that the next annual gathering would be in the town of Cardigan. The prospects of this well-managed society were highly creditable to the ruling powers: it appears from the auditor's report that the number of members has much increased, and that the finances are in a most satisfactory condition, inasmuch as after all expenses were paid there has always been hitherto a balance in the hands of the treasurer of nearly one-third of the whole annual income.

Old houses are of general interest to all archaeologists; the antiquary and the artist preserve their history and their features with equal satisfaction. But none in England has such claim to attention as the humble tenement at Stratford-on-Avon where England's master-poet was born. It is but a fragment now of what it was when John Shakespeare was its proprietor and the baby William first saw the light within its walls; but it is sacred to every Englishman—to every man, indeed, of the wide world who reverences poetry in its noblest form. It is well, then, that it should be properly sustained, and the recent noble bequest of a large sum for its preservation is a good act well done. The testator leaves his money to trustees and executors to form a museum in this house, and to generally preserve and carry out his generous wishes, a further sum of 60*l.* per annum is also to be paid half-yearly, as the salary of a keeper or guardian, whose duty it shall be to reside in it and attend to the visitors, keeping a book for their signatures or the inscription of "such lines in verse or prose as the fancy of each visitant may induce them to write." We hope for not much of this; and we further hope that all such alterations or improvements of the house and its neighbourhood as the executors may feel necessary to have done, be done not rashly, but with due consideration; for it is not a little dangerous to tamper with old houses, or to listen to suggestions that may come from inexperienced men. Above all, some practical antiquary should be in the way, to prevent any serious alteration of its general aspect.

A correspondent of our contemporary the *Building News*, in its last number (Sept. 3), enters fully into the history of the destruction of the bridge of Alcantara. This, it will be remembered, was contradicted as an event of recent occurrence by one of our own correspondents, and its destruction imputed to our own army in 1809. The writer who has so recently taken up the question says: "The bridge has at various periods suffered more from the assaults of man than the hand of time; and, after various injuries received during the Peninsular War, was repaired in 1812 by Colonel Sturgeon." He describes the town of Alcantara as taking its name from this fine work (*Arabic* al Kantarah, the bridge), and that Ford declared it was worth going a hundred leagues to see. The writer speaking of its recent destruction, correctly denounces it as "a work of infamous desecration, which fills us with wonder, pity, and contempt." We hope that some traveller will give us the true history of this disgraceful affair; at any rate, the British army seem to be exonerated.

An interesting sale of coins and medals took place on Tuesday last at Messrs. Christie and Manson's rooms, in King-street, St. James's. The entire sale realised upwards of 700*l.* We subjoin the prices of a few of the most interesting lots; but they are not quite up to the usual height. *Grecian Gold Coins*: Philip II. of Macedon, and Alexander III., staters, 2*l.* 2*s.*; Philip II. and Alexander, both fine staters, 2*l.* 4*s.*; ditto and Lysimachus, six in all, 6*l.* 16*s.*; a daric and five small Syracusan gold, 1*l.* 18*s.*; Cossea of Brutus with the lictors, five small coins of Syracuse, and a stater of Carthage, 2*l.* 13*s.*; Lysimachus, fine work, imitation of a tetradrachm in gold, and a

false coin of Dyrrachium, 6*l.* 12*s.*; tetradrachm of Lysimachus, in gold, fine work, false, and a false coin of Seleucus, 3*l.* 10*s.*; false coin of Ptolemy of Egypt, and a false Consular coin, 3*l.* 16*s.* These prices are the most remarkable, when given for false coins. *Roman Gold Coins*: Tiberius, two, fine; Claudius reverse triumphal arch, DE BRITAN., on the conquest of Britain, rare, well preserved, 3*l.* 8*s.*; one of the most interesting coins in the sale; Tiberius, three, Nero, five, all well preserved, 7*l.* 3*s.*; Hadrian, two, A. Pius, fine, 2*l.* 13*s.*; Valentinian I., four, Theodosius, four, varied, all fine, 4*l.* 10*s.*; Arcadius, Honorius, eleven, Gratianus, Anastasius, three, all fine, 8*l.* 18*s.*; Placidius Valentinian, two, Valens, Justinian, five, varied, all fine, 4*l.* 10*s.*; medallion of Livia as Pietas, reverse Vesta seated, 5*l.* Of the English series we may notice the type of William the Conqueror, with the double sceptre, and William Rufus, as realising the moderate sum of 1*l.* 1*s.*; Henry I. crowned, full-faced bust, reverse PAX across centre, fine and rare, and four others, 3*l.* 1*s.* Crowns: Edward VI., Elizabeth, Charles I., II., one by Briot, all finely preserved, 1*l.* 13*s.*; Elizabeth, m.m., fine and rare, Charles I., Exeter, Charles II., James II., all finely preserved, 2*l.* 8*s.* The crown of William IV. and the pattern crown of Victoria brought 4*l.* 6*s.* It is not generally known that the crown of William IV. is one of the rarest modern coins; it was only completed in the die a short time before his death, and never publicly issued. A collection of all the Maundy money from Charles II. to Victoria, some proofs and many rare, fetched 3*l.* 1*s.* We close with the prices of a few of our English hammered gold coins:—Edward III., four nobles, varied, very fine, 4*l.* 1*s.*; Edward IV., six nobles, finely preserved, varied, 5*l.* 9*s.*; Henry VII., ten angels, varied, finely preserved, 6*l.* 7*s.*; Henry VIII., eight angels, Mint mark portcullis and castle, 5*l.* 2*s.*; Elizabeth, double ryal, m.m. cross, crosslet, and angel, m.m. lis, both fine, 2*l.* 12*s.*; James I., eight half units, m.m. varied, finely preserved, 4*l.* 8*s.*; ditto, three units, m.m. varied, well preserved, 3*l.* 18*s.*; Charles I., Oxford 3*l.* piece, reverse Declaration, very fine, 3*l.* 13*s.* The highest price was paid for three five-guinea pieces, dated 1670, 1680, and one of William and Mary, 1691, which, being fine, fetched 21*l.*

## MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

### THE FESTIVALS.

BIRMINGHAM, though not a place dedicated to St. Cecilia, has for many years past figured very prominently in musical matters. Never was a more lavish supply of real talent than during the week of the recently-hushed festival. Almost every artist of note had something to do with it, and, as every proposition for completeness found a ready financial second, whatever failures ensued must be traced to any cause rather than that of a deficiency of vigour on the part of the executive. In a scheme of such magnitude it would be something new to find perfection in the details. The prevailing fault, with the miscellaneous concerts especially, was in the length of the programmes. Surfeit with pleasure, and it palls. Moreover the structural form of entertainments like these is impaired by overcrowding the figures; one jostles the other, and the exponents of the concert sing against time, and yet occupy so much of it that exhaustion both to artist and listener is the inevitable result. Take for example that of Thursday evening; *ex uno, disce omnes*. The printed book of particulars contained thirty-four pieces, and, as some were very lengthy, there was quite enough for any two sittings. Part I. opened with Mendelssohn's Symphony in A minor, known as the *Scottish Symphony*. The principal ideas of this work were first suggested by the romantic scenery of Scotland and certain incidents in Scottish life. The entire composition is suffused with nationalities, and is as thoroughly Scotch in musical sentiment and expression as the strains of Burns are in poetry. Suffice it to say that since it was first publicly performed at Leipzig in the spring of 1842 its popularity has so widened that the bound line is the universe itself. A new Cantata by Sig. Costa was introduced for the first time to a Birmingham audience. This was composed on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Royal, and performed only at the Palace. To the public therefore it is a new work—one, however, that has in it nothing to excite surprise or startle the imagination. The poetry owes its paternity to Mr. Bartholomew, and is a first-class specimen of prosaic literature. The Cantata is heralded by an orchestral prelude; this is followed by an air for soprano voice, entitled "Introduction and Song," "O tell me, gentle orb of night" (Madame Novello). Then comes a bass recitative for Oberon, king of the fairies, "She sleeps." A chorus of fairies takes up the strain, "Make the car a golden king-cup;" and the lover (Reeves), in a quaint serenata imitated from the German, sings "O the joy of truly loving." Another chorus between Mab (Miss Dolby), and her fairy troop leads the way for a choral serenade by the people, "Lady, arise." The serenata has a peculiarity about it which in the hands of Reeves could hardly fail to attract, as it did. As a whole, Mr. Costa's production is rhythmical and well

scored, but contains little beyond a few flashes of sportive fancy and odd conceits. Alboni sang "Nacqui all' affanno," and the well-known *variazioni*, "All' dolce incanto" twice. As an agreeable relief to the Italian pieces which monopolised the programme, Mlle. Victoire Balle essayed the "Last Rose of Summer" with the same accompaniments as those used by M. Flotow in *Martha*. The growing languor of the audience at once took flight as spectres at the sight of morning. Although the young lady evinced occasionally a tendency to sing sharp, there was a simplicity and unobtrusiveness of style that won all hearts, and a well-deserved encore resulted. We have only hinted at three pieces of the four-and-thirty. Spohr's overture to the *Alchymist* began, and Weber's *Euryanthe* finished the concert just as the church-tower bells proclaimed with tongues of iron that another day was gone for ever.

A single performance of *Judith*, effective as it was on Friday morning, is not enough to decide absolutely upon the merits of a work that has cost a talented composer perhaps years of thought and labour to mature. Mr. Leslie was applied to by the Birmingham committee to provide something for their triennial feast. The sacred books had been so ransacked for eligible musical themes during the last century, that it was thought by many, competent to judge, that the story of the Jewish widow devoting herself to the destruction of the Assyrian conqueror Holofernes had sufficient dramatic interest to claim attention. Mr. Leslie fell in with these views, and commenced the composition. Owing to the picturesque contrasts which the story of Judith presents, it has often been handled for the foreign stage, but not with any decided success. The adapter of the story says that he has treated the widow of Bethulia as belonging to the world of special tradition, not of universal instruction—as a heroine who availed herself of her beauty to answer "a fool according to his folly"—who conceived herself empowered to deal subtly with a brutal invader "for the exaltation of Jerusalem," and for the deliverance of a beleaguered people. The subject is treated as a short oratorio, divided into three parts, showing the beleaguered city, the camp of the Assyrians, and night and day-break. An instrumental prelude of a slow movement by wind instruments is, after a few bars, joined by the string; these travel a short distance together, when they are aided by the whole orchestral force. The strain is grave, intending to portray as well as music can the woe of the children of Israel in consequence of the besieger at their gate. The symphony is broken by a "narrator," and taken up again in a more lively and agitated form. A wailing chorus succeeds on the words "A day of darkness." A trumpet summons brings the people together, who continue the chorus, describing the strength and fierceness of the enemy, "A fire devoureth before them, and behind them a flame burneth;" and the concluding phrase, "Nothing shall escape them," is depicted by a suspended organ pedal note on the dominant of the key. A flowing duet and chorus succeed in a supplicating strain, when the narrator again steps forward, declaring that the young children were out of heart, that the young men and women fainted for thirst. Another chorus, short and agitated, draws a consolatory solo from the chief of the city; but the excitement increases, the people shout for peace on any terms rather than die for thirst; a chain of sequences, not amounting to a fugue, is introduced, followed by a sudden transition into an unrelated key which has a remarkably fine effect in describing the agitation and phrenzy on which the people were bordering. Judith allays the tumult, and another supplicatory solo, "O Lord God of my father Simeon," leads into an aria given to Ozias, "Go in peace." This is a richly-scored piece, in excellent keeping with the devotional character of the subject; the chorus take up the theme, the sounds gradually die away into a whisper, and the first act closes. The second part is of a totally different character. Pomp and military array, the tinkling of cymbals, the blare of brass, and the "dull dead drum" have the glory to themselves. Drinking, rollicking, Bacchanalian revelry and rout are painted as well as sounds can be. In many places the music is buoyant and operatic in style and character. A chorus, "Come drink and be merry," winds up the second part. The third opens with a smooth and graceful and highly descriptive movement for the string band; the wind follows it up; and by an artistic contrivance we catch the original theme again. A muttered chorus of the revellers, "A little more sleep," breaks out occasionally beyond a canticle which Judith and Amital sing previous to the decapitation of the Assyrian chief. After this the music assumes a more triumphant character, for the destruction of the enemy gives birth to an ascription of praise, "For the Lord is a great God." In the finale there were specimens of polyphonicism that excited wonder, but left nothing for the mind to feed on. Many of the advantages offered by the poem are entirely overlooked. There is not sufficient distinctness of outline between the chief and his followers, the heroine and the Jewish people. As to the song given to Amital, it is a painfully florid inconsistency. *Judith* too, as an oratorio, is sadly devoid of melody, and deficient in solos. There is scarcely an aria of an abiding character; nothing that haunts



the memory, save here and there "a short familiar strain." Its merits appear to lie in contrapuntal writing and learned musicianship; but that which gives life and vitality to works of this kind, namely, subject and tune, are really very "few and far between."

A musical festival was a thing quite unknown to the thriving and important town of Leeds till Monday last, when troops of instrumentalists, with "singing men and singing women," set the population agape. The great demonstration of Tuesday, in which the Queen of England played so important a part, came between the rehearsal and the first public performance of *Elijah*. It is not necessary to go into detail with reference to this sublime work, seeing that it had nearly the same chiefs as on its recent representations at Hereford and Birmingham. Professor Sterndale Bennett conducted. The anticipations that this learned musician would give the *tempi* so that every feature in the score might be clearly brought out, met with no disappointment. The Yorkshire choristers sang with a precision and pulmonic vigour worthy of imitation. Miss Palmer sang the contralto air, "O rest in the Lord," in place of Miss Dolby, whose attendance was prevented through indisposition. The acoustical effects—a matter of great concern with the constructors of the hall—were quite satisfactory, and the audience frequently testified their gratification at the music and its performance by slight applause, as enthusiastic demonstrations and redemands were among the negative conditions set forth fully in the programme. Of the miscellaneous concerts we shall speak fully anon. The principal features of Wednesday evening were a new MS. pastoral, "The May Queen," by the conductor, in which all the principal vocalists had solo parts; and Mendelssohn's Concerto in E minor, with Arabella Goddard for its exponent.

Albani and Mme. Clara Novello are to appear for one night each only, at the Surrey Gardens, in the course of the week. An oratorio is also announced (*Messiah*), under the conductorship of Mr. Land. A stir-up is much needed, for the music during the past week has been of a very somnolent character.

Penshurst-place, once the seat of royalty, but now the residence of Lord De Lisle, will be the scene of some attraction during the week. A concert is to take place, and the hospitalities spoken of in ancient ballads and other legends will be resuscitated; in other words, 'tis to be an open house for all persons furnished with a ticket. Whatever the proceeds may be from cards of admission (obtainable at the libraries in the neighbourhood), they are to be appropriated for repairs and enlargement of the organ in the parish church.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

The *Times* says that the fears entertained at the close of the Hereford Festival, that the financial result would be unsatisfactory, have not been realised. In addition to the sums collected at the meeting, several munificent donations have been received by the conductor (Mr. Townshend Smith), and the total amount now exceeds that obtained in 1855. Miss Wolferston, of Tamworth, sent a splendid donation of 100*l.*, and the interest of the Worcester Fund brought another 60*l.* to the collection. In addition to these, other donations have been received, swelling the total amount to 980*l.* 17*s.* 4*d.* The amount collected in 1855 was about 870*l.* A meeting of the stewards was held on Saturday, and fourteen of that body consented to act in 1861. Before separating, the stewards passed a cordial vote of thanks to the right rev. diocesan for his cordial co-operation, and to their chairman, the Rev. John Hopton, for his attendance to his duties. They also unanimously thanked Mr. T. Smith, "for his indefatigable exertions in preparing for the festival, and bringing it to a satisfactory issue." The opposition of the Dean (Mr. Dawes) to the festival appears to be doing good rather than harm to the prospects of the meeting in 1861. The inhabitants of Hereford are much incensed at the conduct of the ecclesiastical dignitary, and there can be no doubt that the meeting will be supported as freely, if not more so, than the one just passed.

The flower-show at the Crystal Palace, which opened on Wednesday, attracted to Sydenham the cream of the sight-seers yet remaining in town. The collection of flowers has been magnificent in the extreme; and when we remember the extreme mildness of the season, it is not to be wondered at that, in the opinion of judges, the exhibition of this autumn far exceeded that of any former year. The species which made the greatest show were the dahlias, asters, roses, cockscombs, balsams, fuchsias, and *Lilium lancifolium*. Mr. Standish, of Bagshot, was much praised for his gladioluses. As autumn is rather the season for Pomona than Flora, the show of fruit was naturally very fine. Pines, peaches, nectarines, cherries, plums, apples, grapes, &c., were heaped up in endless profusion, exciting the admiration and *gourmandise* of all beholders. The competitors were unusually numerous, and the first prizes were awarded to Kay, of Finchley; Solomon, of Covent-garden; Harrison, of Weybridge; and Tillyard, gardener to Lord Eversleigh.

The *Builder* gives some interesting particulars respecting the new Adelphi Theatre, now in course of erection:—"The works are in active progress, and the roof will be put on within the next six weeks. The new

building will cover a somewhat larger area than was comprised within the old house, the present plan being made to include all the ground added at various dates. The ground also will be excavated to a depth of 10 or 11 feet below the original level, to get space required beneath the pit and stage. The gallery entrance will be at the side, or from Bull-inn-court, in which also will be one of the stage entrances. The pit and box entrances will be, as at present, from the Strand. A wide flight of stairs will lead to the grand tier, which will be appropriated to private boxes; and it appears there will be four other staircases of communication between this and the other tier of boxes; and that two of those staircases—those in the angles next the proscenium boxes—will extend also to the gallery and pit levels. There will be four tiers of proscenium boxes, ranging with the divisions alluded to of the body of the house. The proscenium boxes will occupy much space, and form a leading feature in the decorative effect. The whole of the stairs and floors to passages will be fireproof; and the apertures in the external wall next Bull-inn-court will be contrived so that they may be made readily available for escape in case of fire. The pit will extend under the grand tier of boxes, as in the old house. The front seats of the gallery and of the pit will be arranged as stalls, those in the latter case having the staircase communication before mentioned with the boxes. A large saloon over the grand staircase will be provided in connexion with the upper boxes. The decorative effect of the house will be tasteful and elegant. A manner resembling that of florid Italian in the enrichments pervades the whole; light and highly-ornamental shafts carry the box fronts; the partitions of the private boxes have their front edges formed in curves of contrary flexure, with a view to the general effect; and the centre of the ceiling rises in domical form. Of all these features, and many of those of the structure, we shall, however, have other opportunities of speaking. Mr. T. H. Wyatt, our readers know, is the architect, and the work is being executed by Mr. Wilson. The front in the Strand, and the premises next Maiden-lane, are not at present touched.

The Princess's Theatre closed for a short period on Friday, the 3rd instant. On the conclusion of the performances, Mr. Charles Kean stepped forward and addressed the audience as follows:—"Ladies and Gentlemen,—At the close of each successive season it has been my custom to address a few words to you, in thankfulness for kindness and support. The present year, from various circumstances—in part unavoidable and in part unexpected—has been to me a period of great responsibility, anxiety, and fatigue; relieved, however, by expressions of public feeling and sympathy, the memory of which can only fade with life. Contrary to my original intention, I feel compelled, from the mental and bodily strain I have undergone, to seek a few weeks' comparative repose, that I may be the better able to bring to a successful termination my next and last season. Permit me, therefore, to take this opportunity of announcing my intention of re-opening this house on Saturday, the 2nd of October, and at the same time to state that on the 30th day of July next I shall take my final leave as director of the Princess's Theatre. In the meantime, Ladies and Gentlemen, allow me, in Mrs. Kean's name as well as my own, respectfully and gratefully to bid you farewell." In recording this speech the *Morning Post* makes mention of the following extraordinary and novel mode of testifying regret at Mr. Charles Kean's announcement of approaching retirement:—"By the time the entire speech was concluded, however, the audience rallied from their surprise, and testified their full sense of the loss with which the play-going world is threatened by the most enthusiastic cheers."

The *Builder* says that the foundation stone of a new theatre and music hall was recently laid at Greenock, by Br. John Scott, sen., acting grand master, and in presence of the Provincial Grand Lodge, West Renfrewshire; Port Glasgow Doric; Glasgow Thistle and Rose; St. Mary's Patrick; Glasgow Thistle; Glasgow St. Clair; and Greenock St. John, and a vast assemblage. Two bands were in attendance. Br. David Crawford deposited the jars containing the coins and documents into the cavity in the stone, as also a plate suitably inscribed. Mr. Stephen Edmund Glover is the proprietor; Messrs. John Potts and Son, the architects; Messrs. Adam, Brown, McLachlan, Swan, and Broadfoot, the contractors; and Mr. Thomas Tomlinson, clerk of works.

The *Sydney Era* of July 10th announces the arrival of Mr. G. V. Brooke once more in that city.

The following letter has been addressed to M. Menheim, concert-master of the Stuttgard Theatre, by M. Pelletier, Secretary-General to the Minister of State, respecting the projected reform in the diapason:—"Sir, a commission has been instituted by his Excellency the Minister of State for the purpose of discovering the means of establishing a uniform musical pitch throughout France. This measure will have a double advantage—that of putting an end to the progressive elevation of the pitch, which is so injurious to the voices of singers, and that of destroying the discrepancies which exist between the pitches of different musical establishments, discrepancies which not only interfere with the execution of music in unison, but are sources of embarrassment

and difficulty in their commercial relations. Need it be added, that France is not alone interested in the success of a reform which is so nearly allied to art and industry? Without doubt, all Europe cannot but gain if the adoption of the uniform pitch become universal. The commission charged with the duty of fixing the pitch in France understands that its first duty is to surround itself with all the lights that can by possibility be assembled, by relying upon the most capable authorities for the guidance of its choice. It is therefore in its name that I address myself to you, sir, to request you to inform us what pitch it is that you generally use, by sending to the Minister of State at Paris a key of the pitch used at the Stuttgard Theatre. Means will be taken to remit you the price. If, moreover, your experience has suggested to you any observations, or has furnished you with any documents which you judge likely to aid in fixing a normal pitch, I hope that you will kindly communicate them, and I shall deem myself happy in transmitting them, on your behalf, to the committee, who will know how to appreciate properly the importance of such a service.—I have the honour, &c., J. PELLETIER."

#### THE THEATRES.

On Monday the Haymarket Theatre reopened, re-decorated and refurbished, coming again into existence with an air of prosperity and freshness. The old-fashioned comedy of *The Way to Keep Him* was selected as the opening drama, which it may be recollected was the closing one of the last season, being revived for Mr. Buckstone's benefit. The cast on that occasion was as follows:—Lovermore, Mr. Howe; Sir Bashful Constant, Mr. Buckstone; Sir Brilliant Fashion, Mr. W. Farren; William, Mr. Clark; the Widow Bellmour, Mrs. Charles Young; Mrs. Lovermore, Miss Reynolds; Lady Constant, Mrs. Buckingham White; Muslin, Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam. On the present occasion exactly the same cast was retained, with the exception that Mrs. Sinclair (Mrs. Forrest) played the Widow Bellmour. This lady has a commanding presence and good stage manners, and is therefore an acquisition in such parts. The house was crammed in every part, and in the best of humours, relishing the old comedy as if it were the latest production of their most modern and favourite dramatist, and following the intrigue and enjoying the imbroglio and its development with a relish and intelligence which would not have discredited a French audience. And this recurrence to a French feeling reminds us that Mr. Murphy made very free with the productions of Monsieur Destouches, a Parisian dramatist of the last century, who had considerable powers of invention, uniting vivacity and a nice power of indicating characteristics, if not of drawing characters. The English dramatist filched from him without the slightest acknowledgment; so that the crime of borrowing without acknowledgment from our joyous neighbours is by no means a new charge in the history of our drama. It must be said, however, that Mr. Murphy plundered with a moral feeling, for Destouches was the least offensive writer of his contemporaries. We may stray so far from the subject as to notice Destouches' singular life, a type of that of his countrymen of that age of adventure; he having been, by turns, common soldier, player, dramatist, ambassador—and he actually resided in this country in that capacity for six or seven years. He finally became a member of the French Academy, and champion of order and religion. But he has taken us a long way from the Haymarket Theatre, to which we must return.—After the comedy the admirable danseuse, Perea Nena, made her appearance in a new ballet styled *The Daughter of the Guadalupe*. The piece is exactly like all such Spanish productions. A bevy of damsels come out of dingy houses, and go to tawdry places to dance, and there is a rivalry that seems to trench on Billingsgate manners, from the violence of the contest between the chief dancers. Of course Perea is triumphant. It is harsh to speak the bare truth; but it seemed to us that she shirked her work from lassitude if not indisposition, and did as little as she could, though that little was full of the sparkling brilliance, the piquant caprice, and charming fancy which always distinguish her. The fantastic, suggestive, and wicked dance with her lover's hat was full of the southern fervour and coquetry. This dance did not elicit the full applause it deserves, for it is a little drama of itself, and abounds in most difficult motion—sudden, flashing, spontaneous—and is doubtless all governed by a perfect principle of art. Like all high art productions, however, it is imperfectly comprehended by a multitude, whilst the walking on the toes, and the rapid glancing of the feet, are ever applauded to the echo. The crowd to see her was as great as at a Royal state visit, and not only not a seat, but not a loophole, was to be had by those who came late. A new drop-scene, by Calcott, delights the eye during the pauses between the acts.

At the Strand Theatre a new and original petite comedy in one act was produced on Monday, on the reopening of this clean and clever little theatre. It is by Mr. Selby, and has the farce-like title of *The Last of the Pigstails*. Though styling itself a comedy, it has no other moral purpose than that of amusing

for an hour, and in that meritorious effort it perfectly succeeds. Amongst other excellent effects, it introduced the author to this theatre, who appeared as a gentleman of the old school, Sir Noah Starchington. There is little room for involvement or evolvment of plot in the space of an act; and the interest excited arises from the incidents following on the efforts of a fashionable young lady (all of the modern time) to reform an old staid and frumpish establishment. The gay and clever lady is enacted by the lessee, Miss Swanborough, who was warmly greeted on her return from the provinces. She marries Sir Noah, and, becoming Lady Starchington, flutters this country establishment, and even transforms Sir Noah into a modern suit and modern manners, demolishing in her rash and remorseless reforms the last pigtail in the county. Being thus merciless to the lord of the house, of course she does not spare the inferior personages. Doodles (Mr. Bland, who is happily added to the company), the old butler, is driven out of his old-world ways; and even Mrs. Tabitha Fidget (Mrs. Selby), a crabbed housekeeper, is subdued. Of course, such a reform is not accomplished without a strong struggle against it, although it is ultimately accomplished by the smart ridicule, sweet temper, and fine manners of the principal actress. She is not contented with remodelling her own establishment, but converts to something like good taste and good manners a vulgar couple, named the Swellingtons (Mr. Clark and Miss M. Ternan). The comicality and variety of the costume added not a little to the fun, and the piece was perfectly successful, being in every way well got up and smartly performed.

Miss M. Oliver made her reappearance after an extended tour in the provinces, and was warmly greeted as Margery, the hoyden but warm-hearted wife in Buckstone's farce of *The Rough Diamond*. It was a very successful delineation, and greatly relished by the audience. The farce was altogether well cast—Sir William Evergreen being performed by Mr. Parsella, another excellent addition to the company; Lord Plato, by Mr. Poynter; Captain Blenheim by Mr. W. Mowbray, from the Edinburgh theatre; Lady Plato, her original character, by Mrs. Leigh Murray; and Cousin Joe by Mr. J. Clark, who we are glad to see is beginning to moderate the vehemence of his style, which is not without the *vis comica*.

It is reported that, owing to some difficulties in the building, the Adelphi will not open as early as announced, and probably not before Christmas. If this be so, it will doubtless inconvenience the company already engaged; and if true, surely the Lord Chamberlain would license some temporary place, perhaps the Alhambra or a part of Saville House, until the new building be ready to receive the now theatrically houseless performers.

### LITERARY NEWS.

The *Birmingham Gazette* reports that there is hopeful prospect of the establishment of a Book-hawking Society, which will include in its operations the whole of the northern part of the county. The parishes (seventy-four in number) of the Rural Deaneries of Colleshill, Solihull, Sutton, Atherstone, Polesworth, and Monk's Kirby, have been summoned to attend a meeting at Colleshill, at the boys' school, on the 20th instant, and to hold a conference as to the best mode of securing the objects in view for this district. The Right Hon. C. B. Adderley, M.P., has consented to take the chair.

Cardinal Wiseman has been delivering lectures in Dublin. On Tuesday evening, he delivered an interesting lecture in the Rotunda on the ornamental glass found in the Catacombs of Rome. The profits of the lecture were intended for the benefit of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

The *Times* omits no opportunity for crowing over the failures of the cheap press, as witness the following paragraph:—"The Penny Press.—'Born to die,' says the *Staffordshire Advertiser*, 'seems the ordinary fate of the cheap papers of which the repeal of the Stamp Act produced so large a crop. The *Wednesday Observer*, a paper half printed in London, has ceased to appear; and a similar fate has happened to the *Dudley Express*, originated by a limited liability company, which was formerly printed in South Staffordshire, the matter being, by a plan now becoming common, the groundwork of a second paper published in a neighbouring town. The proprietors of these papers do not appear to have been equal to the achievement of publishing papers without any literary or reporting staff, or any readers except their advertisers, who probably do not imagine that they are paying merely to have the satisfaction of seeing their own announcements in print.' If the penny press is really so contemptible, why does our gigantic contemporary take so much pains to convince people that it is so? And if it be worth while to record its failures, why not also its triumphs?"

By order of the Postmaster-General, an official guide to the principal streets and places in London and its environs has been published, probably only for the use of the Post-office authorities. Maps are given of the ten districts into which the metropolis has been divided, and an index of streets easily directs

the eye to the district in which any address may be found.

On Saturday his excellency the Lord Lieutenant conferred the honour of knighthood on Mr. Charles S. Bright, the engineer of the Atlantic Telegraph. The occasion selected by his Excellency for the conferring of the distinction was immediately previous to a dinner which he had given in honour of Mr. Bright at the Vice-Regal Lodge.

The Paris papers print the last list of books put in the Italian Index. The batch contains "Elements of Cosmography," by Bergarotti, Florence; "Storia d'uno Studente di Filosofia," by Piola, Milan; two books on Slavonian legislation, printed at Leipsic and St. Petersburg; and one small book printed in London, "Lucille, ou la Bible," par le Pasteur Monod.

The Paris papers, with the exception of the *Presse*, have avoided the subject of the will of the Duchesse d'Orleans, the political allusions being deemed to be too dangerous for the French public. The version which appeared in the *Presse* is considerably mutilated.

The Mâcon Committee of the Lamartine Fund has printed the following letter, which the secretary has received from M. de Persigny:—"Sir: I am sorry that, by some mistake, your letter as to the subscription on behalf of M. de Lamartine only reached me after the separation of the General Council, to whom, consequently, I have not been able to communicate it. I do not doubt that the General Council would have assisted in that national work. For my part, I have long wished to send you my offering, and I eagerly avail myself of the opportunity to send you a cheque upon M. de Rothschild for 1000 francs. When I reflect upon the eminent services which that illustrious man has rendered to his country, and to the brilliancy of his talents, I am sorry that I can contribute but a very vulgar offering to the success of the work of the generous Mâconnaise. I have the honour, &c., F. DE PERSIGNY."—It is said that a subscription in favour of M. de Lamartine has been organised among the ladies of Moldavia.

The *Union* announces: "A decree of *non lieu* has been pronounced in favour of the 'Mémoires de Lauzun,' published by Malassis, the seizure of which was announced in May last. The publishers are authorised to sell their book without being compelled to suppress anything."

The *Hertford Times* says:—"At the corner of Fourth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, is an old cemetery, and there lie buried the remains of Benjamin Franklin and his wife. A plain flat slab, with the simple inscription of the names of Benjamin Franklin and his wife Deborah, marks the spot. Directly over this grave runs a telegraph wire, across which the lightning, which Franklin first controlled, is constantly flashing communications of intelligence, noting daily the progress of events and incidents of consequence in the world."

The Bostonians have just started a publication society, to be called the Prince Society. Its field embraces the publication of important MSS. relating to the early history of all the colonies, and it is the expectation of the originators that the society will meet a cordial support from all sections of the country. Any one may become a member by agreeing to take the society's publications, and is called on to pay for these only when delivered to him. A general meeting is held every year to elect officers, who constitute the council and superintend the issue of books.

The University of the city of New York, at its recent annual Commencement, conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws on John Lothrop Motley, of Boston, author of a well-known work on the history of the Dutch Republic.

The importation of rags into the United States for the purpose of paper making is a great deal more extensive than most people would imagine. During the year 1857 America imported 44,582,080 lb., valued at 1,448,125 dols., and making 63,461 bales; 35,591 bales were from Italy, and more than one-third are entirely linen, the rest being a mixture of linen and cotton. About 2000 bales were also imported from the free cities of Hamburg and Bremen. France prohibits the exportation of rags, and so does Rome; the few which America gets from Ancona—a Roman province—being by special permission on payment of large fees. Prussia and Germany generally impose so high an export duty on rags as to stop the trade entirely. The exports from Alexandria and Smyrna are chiefly collected in Asia Minor by agents having licence from the Government, and the domestic demand must be supplied before any can be exported. It is the same with Trieste, where only the surplus is allowed to come away. The Trieste rags are collected all over Hungary. We are informed that New York and Boston receive the largest quantity, and the place that ships the most is Leghorn, in Italy.

Mr. James Parton is preparing a life of Gen. Jackson, to be published by Mason and Brothers, New York.

The Italian correspondent of the *Morning Post* says: "A new publication has created a great sensation here in the political circles. It is entitled 'Mémoires Politiques et Correspondance Diplomatique de Joseph de Maistre.' By Albert Blanc. Joseph de Maistre is the famous writer, long known as the boldest advocate of ultramontane views, and therefore the

Black party reckoned him as one of their principal authorities. By this publication, however it turns out, upon vouchers adduced, that when he was Sardinian Minister at St. Petersburg, at the beginning of the present century, he asserted in the most unqualified terms the rights of the House of Savoy, and the cause of Italian independence. All the documents contained in that book are now published for the first time, and the originals are kept in the royal archives at Turin. The editor, Mr. Albert Blanc, is a Savoyard lawyer, and having obtained the permission to visit and to make historical researches in the royal archives, he eagerly availed himself of the opportunity of making known the real political opinions of De Maistre. This book has taken by surprise the political world here, and especially the members of the Ultramontane party, which is now fairly licked with its own cudgel."

Mr. C. G. Duffy is quite a hero with the Australian journals. The *Melbourne Herald* announces that his health is in a very serious state, and that he has been forbidden to see any person whatever, except the members of his own family. The *Sydney Era* of June 19th hopes that "the honourable gentlemen will get on well if his greedy friends from the Green Isle let him alone; but it appears from all accounts that they so bore and besiege him for office now he is in place, that it would be excusable if he brought in a Bill like King James's Proclamation, when that canny Scotchman wanted to get rid of his hungry compatriots."

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### VERBAL CRITICISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—W. M. has not in reality raised any new point in the great "to" question. It is perfectly true that ducks can swim, and that "zu," like "to," is affixed to nouns in the character of a preposition, and to verbs as the sign of the infinitive. But what W. M. has got to prove is, that when the context shows it to be one of these, and not the other, then it must be the other, and not the one it is. I say, on the contrary, that the context is sufficient to determine the character of any "zu" or "to" that can occur in any *isolation*:

1. "All the natural ills that flesh is heir to."—SHAKESPEARE.
2. "And requires them to be humbly bowed to."—W. M.
3. "What peals of laughter shall we be exposed to."—STEELE.
4. "Robinson slept, and George would have been glad to."—KEADE.

All these four phrases (especially W. M.'s) are vulgarisms; but they are grammatical; and as nobody takes "to" No. 1 for the sign of the infinitive mood, so nobody takes "to" No. 4 for a preposition—unless, of course, for the purpose of detraction. And this brings us back to my unanswered position. I can but vary the form of it. Let me hear one sound reason to prove that the sign of the infinitive mood, active or neuter, in English, is not "to"—or, granted that the sign of that mood is "to," let me hear one solid reason why I should allow men of no authority or name in letters to pick out this one unfortunate mood, and forbid it to be represented, like all the other moods, by its sign.

W. M. dare not cite my written sentences, and put his own by the side of them. He has recourse to the stale trick of misrepresenting my argument, and thus wastes your paper by confuting a shadow. To say that I defend the phrase "not sorry of an opportunity" on bare analogy is simply false. There stand my printed words (Aug. 28), which showed him I rest on long custom, plus analogy. To say that I defend "George would have been glad to" in opposition to those who contend it is a vulgarism, is a misrepresentation. My opponents were not content to call it vulgar, or they would have had my assent; they maintain it is not grammatical. Such reckless inaccuracies of statement as the above are out of place in men who, destitute of all the nobler graces of style, set themselves with unbecoming apertly to correct the minor errors of distinguished writers.

Ill nature, and the feeble flippancy of those to whom nature has denied wit, are inexhaustible; but the great "to" argument is exhausted. Should you, therefore, think proper to receive into your columns any more anonymous misrepresentations of my arguments and my character in connection with this theme, I must ask you in a postscript to refer your readers back to my letters of date Aug. 21 and 28, where all that these nameless dictators (*trium tenentis*) can advance is confuted beforehand; for, from this date, if all the anonymous letter-writers in creation should try to "rail the 'to' off the infinitive mood," and to bite the heels of my reputation, they will never gain another kick from

Your obedient servant,  
CHARLES KEADE.

### OBITUARY.

FORD, Mr. Richard, on the first of this month, at his house at Heavitree, Quarterly Reviewer, and better known to the public as the author of Mr. Murray's "Handbook for Spain." Mr. Ford was the son of Sir Richard Ford, formerly M.P. for East Grinstead, and for many years chief police magistrate of London. Richard was born in London in 1796, educated at Winchester and Trinity College, Oxford, and, being intended for the bar, became a pupil of Mr. Pemberton Leigh, and was called to the bar in Lincoln's Inn. He did not, however, pursue his profession, but developed at a very early age a taste for the Fine Arts, and began to lay the foundation of his choice library, and rich collection of drawings and engravings. In 1830 he visited Spain, where he passed several years. On his return to England, he settled at Heavitree, where he built a charming residence, and surrounded it with gardens and terraces, which he adorned with graceful Moorish buildings, and planted with pines and cypresses from historic groves by the Xenil and Guadaluquivir. After his return he became a regular contributor to the *Quarterly*, then edited by his friend Mr. Lockhart; his first contribution being a learned paper on the subject of Devonshire



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cob walls, which he connected with the ancient *tapia* of Arabic architecture. This appeared in No. CXVI. in 1836, and the last essay which he contributed was the review of "Tom Brown's School-days," which appeared in No. CCIV. in 1837. In 1837 he published his first independent work, "An Historical Inquiry into the Unchangeable Character of a War in Spain." (London: Murray.) In 1839 he visited Rome, and shortly after his return set to work upon the "Handbook for Spain," which appeared in 1845 in two volumes; a second edition, reduced to one volume, appearing in 1847; and a third, once more expanded to two volumes, in 1855. In 1848 he published his pleasant "Gatherings from Spain," and he also wrote the notices of the pictorial illustrations of the "Campaigns of the Duke of Wellington," painted by Mr. Tebbs, and exhibited in Regent-street in 1853. In addition to these literary labours, Mr. Ford was a contributor to the *Penny Cyclopaedia*, for which he wrote the brief and admirable Life of Velasquez, which is one of the happiest efforts of his pen.

Burgon, Mr. Thomas, for many years in the Numismatic department of the British Museum, and recognised throughout Europe as the best authority extant in respect to ancient Greek coins. He was, in fact, the general referee whenever any doubt existed as to genuineness, rarity, appropriation, or value. Mr. Burgon himself at one time possessed a splendid collection of Greek coins, formed during many years' residence in the Levant. At the urgent request of the late Mr. Payne Knight, he permitted him to select the choicest specimens of the collection, to the amount of 5000*l.*, but only on the express condition that this selection should be bequeathed to the British Museum at Mr. Knight's death, which took place about two years afterwards. The trustees of the British Museum will find it extremely difficult to replace Mr. Burgon, especially as his coadjutor in the Greek series of coins, Mr. Doubleday, died about two years since. Mr. Burgon was seventy-one years of age.

CURETON, Mr. H. O., well known as a dealer in coins and antiquities, and as a connoisseur of the first order. Some years ago a daring attempt was made to garrote him by three men who entered at mid-day and robbed his house in Aldersgate-street. The perpetrators of that outrage were never discovered, but after the occurrence Mr. Cureton sold off by auction all his stock, removed his residence to Islington, and afterwards merely bought on commission antiquities and coins for such collectors as intrusted him with their orders. His connection with the British Museum was in that capacity; and at all Sotheby and Wilkinson's numismatic auctions Mr. Cureton invariably took his seat at the right hand of the auctioneer, who relied on him as a principal bidder and buyer. Mr. Cureton amassed considerable wealth by his business, and it is stated that he died possessed of 30,000*l.*, and that he has bequeathed it all to various charities.

BROOKS, Lieutenant Henry, the last surviving officer of the Kane Arctic Expedition, at the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, on the 29th of June. Mr. Brooks had for some time been subject to fits of an apoplectic nature. It appears that he was taken with one of these fits, and, feeling it approaching, tried to take hold of something near. The fit overtaking him suddenly, he missed his hold, and fell backwards on the pavement, striking his head with so much violence as to break the skull. He was taken to the Naval Hospital, where he expired soon after the above occurred. Mr. Brooks was one of the men who composed the Kane Expedition, and was Dr. Kane's first lieutenant. In the navy he held the post of boatswain, which he retained in the Navy Yard till his death. Since the return of this expedition from the Arctic regions, Mr. Brooks has not been to sea, being disabled by losing his toes by the frost. He was in the possession of medals from Queen Victoria, Lady Franklin, President Buchanan and others, presented to him for the manner in which he distinguished himself during the trials of an Arctic winter. Mr. Brooks was of Swedish birth, forty-five years of age, and leaves a wife and family.

DWYER, Mr. John, 'Architect, died at the Lord Warden Hotel, Dover, on Tuesday evening, the 31st of August, in the 39th year of his age. The *Builder* says that "Mr. Dwyer had been on a fortnight's tour in Belgium, and having suffered severely from sea sickness while crossing the Channel, was, on landing, seized with pain in the region of the heart, and died within an hour after quitting the vessel. With artistic powers of a high order, he possessed great knowledge of ornament, and great facility of invention. His works display a marked originality, and his favorite style (Italian Renaissance) he treated in a manner peculiarly his own. Mr. Dwyer was one of the successful competitors in the Government Offices competition of 1857, and a frequent contributor to papers at the meetings of the late "Decorative Art-Society." His last work was preparing some designs in water colours for the decoration of Larnark (R. C.) Church. Those who knew him intimately speak highly of his strong sense of honour and his energy under difficulties.

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